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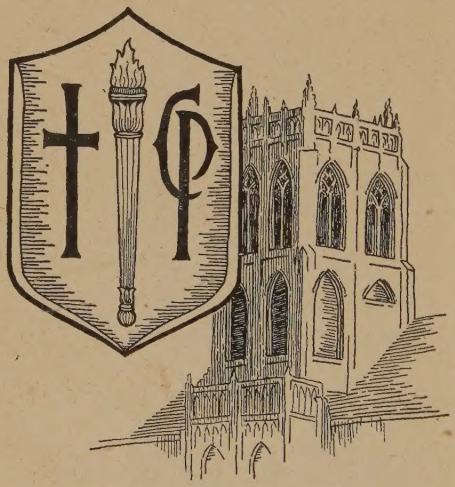

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WITHDRAWN

The Spiritual Meaning of "In Memoriam"

AN INTERPRETATION FOR THE TIMES

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INTRODUCTION BY
JAMES M. CAMPBELL

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INTRODUCTION

MANY writers have essayed the task of interpreting *"In Memoriam"*—the greatest poem of the foremost poet of the Victorian age. The fresh and original interpretation herein given by Professor James Main Dixon has in it certain outstanding features which differentiate it from all others and give to it a special claim for attention. By it that poem becomes a distinct message for the times.

Tennyson knew his age, its intellectual perplexities and confusions, its spiritual aspirations and hopes, but, as Professor Dixon abundantly shows, he was both its representative and its leader, its historian and its prophet. In depicting his own struggle out of darkness into light, not only does Tennyson mirror the struggle of his times, he mirrors also the struggle of the race. He rises from the personal to the universal; his sorrows are the sorrows of the world; his battle for faith the battle which

every honest soul must wage; his ultimate triumph over doubt a triumph in which every upstruggling soul may share.

The criticism that Tennyson was not a man of the people is just. He lived within a narrow circle of the intellectually elect. His hostility to home rule for Ireland was an index to his undemocratic attitude. But his limitation was in a measure counterbalanced by his love for man as man. And it is noteworthy that in his higher flights he transcends all of earth's poor distinctions and becomes the mouthpiece of humanity.

Another point—which is something of the nature of real discovery—is that the poem is the record of the experience of Tennyson himself as a twice-born man. This is made the illuminating center of the entire poem. It is claimed—and evidently proved—that nothing short of a distinct intellectual and spiritual conversion can account for the complete change which took place in Tennyson towards nature and life; the declaration "I held" clearly carrying with it the implication that what was held in the past had been outgrown; and that old things had passed away and all things had become new.

This explains the difficulty which Tennyson at one time felt in reconciling faith in universal goodness with a nature "red in tooth and claw with ravine." That was not Tennyson's final position. He came to see that nature's gentler, fairer aspects are more in evidence than those that are stern and cruel; and that a deeper reading of her secrets shows that there is less difficulty in believing that God is love, "and love creation's final law," than in believing the opposite.

Another marked feature in the poem, which Professor Dixon brings out, is that while moving along the line of an expanding experience it sweeps past the material monism of Haeckel, and the philosophical monism of Hegel, to find a final resting-place for thought in the moral monism of Saint Paul. The present dualism of a world in the making Tennyson graphically portrays; but from it he looked forward to

> "One far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves"—

that far-off divine event being the reconciliation of all things to God, and the establish-

ing of a new and holy order in which he is all in all.

But perhaps the greatest service which this fresh interpretation of "In Memoriam" will render to the average reader will be that of furnishing an antidote to the poisonous philosophy which underlies German *Kultur,* by contrasting it with the wholesome and truly Christian philosophy which is at the bottom of Tennyson's later writings. Through much tribulation the poet enters into his kingdom, reaching the final philosophy of life and destiny, which is based upon the revelation of truth as the final source of authority.

JAMES M. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I

TENNYSON'S WONDERFUL FORECASTS

Few judgments of poetic values during the last decade or two have been more superficial than the constant underrating of Tennyson as a prim Victorian, best left to the appreciation of mild churchgoing people and gushing schoolgirls. The depth and soundness of his world vision are a marvel to-day to the real thinker, and he was rated at his proper value years ago by many leading minds. Half a century ago perhaps the ablest mind in any English university—and in some respects anywhere—was Benjamin Jowett, master of Balliol College, Oxford, who is best known as the translator and interpreter of Plato. Not only so, he was the teacher and counselor of many of the ablest statesmen whom his university has sent out to control the destinies of the British empire. It was a remark of Jowett's that there is more of the fundamentals of philosophy in

Tennyson's "In Memoriam" than in any systematic philosophy of modern times. Practically, it is the best antidote we have to the dangerous and poisonous teaching of Goethe, Nietzsche, Treitschke, and the whole modern school of German thinkers; its key-note—How futile man's will when it ignores the divine will!

To those who fully understand the whole drift of Tennyson's teaching, who face the problems he worked out so sanely between the death of his friend Hallam in 1833 and the publication of his wonderful little volume in its simple brown cover seventeen years later, he appears to-day as a seer. All have marveled at the forecast of aerial warfare which he outlines in his "Locksley Hall," published in 1842:

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

. . . . . .

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue."

Happily he saw beyond this to the triumph of democracy:

"Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunderstorm;
Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

That he understood this prophecy in terms of our own republic we know from a lyric written in 1853, but unpublished during his lifetime. Readers of Tennyson will find it in the notes to the authoritative editions of his complete works, edited, with Memoir, by his son Hallam. The lyric is prefaced by a note containing the significant sentences: "In later years, after the Franco-German war, my father was filled with admiration at the dignified way in which France was gradually gathering herself together. He rejoiced whenever England and France were in agreement and cooperated harmoniously for the good of the world." The stanza in "Hands all round" which particularly concerns Americans is the penultimate one:

"Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood;
We know thee most, we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?

"Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!"

I know of no political foresight so wonderfully and exquisitely just; it takes us back to the times of the Hebrew prophets. There has been a strange propriety in the coming in of the United States to aid the Allies, just as Russian support fell away. From the very beginning thoughtful men felt that autocratic Petrograd was an unsuitable partner in the great struggle, and that her presence made the fight political rather than humanitarian. And to-day, when the score of nations whom Germany has filled with righteous wrath meet in council to lay down the terms of a just peace, this council may well be termed the first "Parliament and Federation of the World." No representative of tyranny will appear on the council board.

CHAPTER II

TENNYSON A "TWICE-BORN MAN"

Most of the clear-sighted men of the past have had a crisis in their lives when once for all they chose a new and definite path in which to walk. To use a modern phrase which has given its title to a popular book, they became "twice-born men." It was so with Saul of Tarsus at Damascus; with Augustine; with Francis of Assisi; with Martin Luther; with John Calvin, who at the University of Paris suddenly changed from a bright literary aspirant into a vital religious force; with John Wesley at a certain time and a certain place; with Thomas Chalmers, who began his ministry as a lecturer interested in political economy and science rather than as a spiritual teacher. Tennyson underwent such a soul change, giving him a message to men. Before the year 1833, when his friend Arthur Hallam died, he had come under the spell of Goethe,

and had accepted the highly intellectual hedonism of the Weimar poet as an acceptable rule of life. But the death of his dearest friend, the personality who had shown to him for good what life and conduct meant, proved a stunning blow. It brought him face to face with the grim realities of a harsh world, and he had to return for safety and spiritual health to the sound evangelicalism of his childhood and early life. Otherwise the world meant for him vacant darkness and despair; Goethe's "Art" led nowhere but into a ruthless jungle. Nature was cruel at its heart. The record of this spiritual change is contained in the successive sections of his "In Memoriam," which finally develops into a discussion of the whole meaning of life.

The opening Invocation is summative of the faith he has found after much storm and stress; and its throbbing stanzas find a place in many of our hymnals. Four of them appear as Hymn 139 in the Methodist Hymnal:

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

"Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they."

There is much in these verses that reveals Tennyson as the Cambridge-trained man, who faced the facts of life and science, and desired no intellectual peace that meant intellectual weakness. He accepts, as fully as Milton did, the fact of our creation by God, but he does not go, like Milton, to Hebrew poetry and story for the rational interpretation. Indeed, Tennyson's frank acceptance of evolution within reverent limits made his great poem a puzzle to many good people for quite a time. His use of the phrase "broken lights," taken from the phenomenon of refraction, is significant. The religious belief which shuts us out from the power and

strength of life is radically unsatisfactory. But all knowledge and power gained by man, unless consecrated to the Lord of Love, are mere weakness in the long run. Love is the strong thing in life; and virtue, both by derivation and its essence, implies strength. We must add to our faith, virtue, and to virtue, knowledge, if we desire to become complete men.

CHAPTER III

THE GERMAN "WILL-TO-POWER" PHILOSOPHY

The "twice-born man" is in a significant and essential way the "complete man" of the Pauline epistles; body, mind, soul in subjection to a higher law, the will of God. The phrase which sums up the antithesis to Tennyson's position was just coming into vogue when he was a schoolboy preparing for entrance to Cambridge—Schopenhauer's "will-to-power." This deifier of the human intellect, twenty years Tennyson's senior, and the friend of Goethe, saw clearly the grim cruelty of nature, and recognized that the mastery of its laws gave power but no happiness. He accepted the issue, and became a frank pessimist, declaring that a scientific monism is the only satisfactory philosophy of life. His successor, Friedrich Nietzsche, gave the system of "will-to-power" a literary flavor and pungency in his Thus Spake Zarathustra. Dating some thirty

years later than "In Memoriam," it may be said to embody in a fanciful and stimulating way the orthodox creed at Berlin during the decade or two preceding the war. If the German people seem to have been mad with the lust of power during these four awful years, an explanation may be found in the frank acceptance, by the upper classes and the intellectuals, of the brazen philosophy of Nietzsche and his brood of thinkers. He was avowedly a disciple of Schopenhauer, to whom he devoted a book, Schopenhauer as Educator, which depicts the philosopher in glowing terms as one worthy to teach the growing generation, and lead them into ideals of life higher than those that satisfy the modern "philistine."

Neither Tennyson nor Nietzsche was a "philistine." The term, so often found in the pages of Matthew Arnold, signifies a man with low-pitched conceptions of life, who is quite satisfied with the conventional in religion and art. Born, like Tennyson, in a parsonage, Nietzsche prepared to follow his father's profession; and at one time in his academic career, drawing up a long list of the subjects he wished to master, he placed

religion at the close as the "sole foundation of all knowledge." But later he began to reject the principal doctrines of Christianity as sops to sentimentality, appealing to the heart and not to the head. "They are symbols, just as the highest truths must be symbols of truths still higher." And so, in the words of a sympathetic biographer, he "renounced the broad and easy path of faith to struggle through the 'heroic' path of free research. . . . He ceased to believe in the providential goodness and order of nature, to see in history the proofs of a divine reason and the sign of a moral will guiding the destinies of humanity, to interpret the events of our lives as trials sent by God to put us in the way of salvation."[1] He desired to rescue "culture from the slough of democracy into which it had been allowed to sink."[2] He would replace it by *Kultur*. It is refreshing to note how he and his followers put Christianity and democracy in the same boat, to sink or swim together.

Having thrown up religious faith and humility, he gives himself over to an over-

[1] The Gospel of Superman, p. 24.
[2] Ibid., Introduction, p. ix.

powering vanity—a deification of the Self. "Behind thy feeling and thy thoughts, O my brother," he exclaims, "is to be found a powerful master, an unknown sage—he is called 'self.' He lives in thy body; he is thy body." Man's "great reason" Nietzsche finds in the body with its instincts, and the "will-to-power" that animates it. It must be gratified at all costs. "How great my avidity!" he declares in one of his aphorisms, the Sigh of the Seeker. "In my soul there is no indifference—but a Self greedy—a Self which would lose nothing of what might belong to it."

CHAPTER IV

NIETZSCHE'S DOUBLE MORALITY

Nietzsche's ethical ideals carried him politically to the development of an aristocracy, with an artificial morality of its own that is hard and intolerant. This noble caste of his, finding themselves in a minority amidst secretly hostile inferiors, must at all costs maintain, intact, in their own race, the qualities that have insured their triumph. How different from Tennyson's dream of a humanity with its Parliament of man! But his conclusions are a legitimate result of his rejection of religion. He does, indeed, bring in the Deity as a trailer to his intellectual machine: "Finally, an aristocratic race has its god, in whom it incarnates all the virtues by which it has attained its power, and to whom it shows by sacrifices its gratitude for being what it is. This god, which the aristocrat conceives in his own image, must in consequence have the power of being useful or

harmful, friendly or inimical, beneficent or maleficent; it is, indeed, the 'will-to-power' that has led the masters towards domination, that has made them strong and happy; and the cult which they make of it is the expression of their joy of living, of the pleasure they take in themselves at being beautiful and powerful."[1]

When these fantastic deliverances came out thirty years ago, and were translated into English, they were regarded by ordinary people as the crazy notions of a madman, for Nietzsche died insane. Some few wiser people gave them more significance.

Some two or more years after Nietzsche's death I was dining with my former teacher in philosophy, Robert Flint, in his house at Newington, Edinburgh. Flint was a man beloved by his students; his Theism and other books are well known on this side of the Atlantic. He had left the chair of moral philosophy at Saint Andrews, Chalmers's old post, for that of theology at Edinburgh University, and meanwhile I had been on the faculty of a foreign university. Several remarks he made were worth remembering.

[1] The Gospel of Superman, p. 121.

He maintained that German thought had been quite overrated, and that French thinkers had more of the future with them. He was greatly taken up with Nietzsche's philosophic tenets; more so than I could understand, for they seemed to me almost pure paradoxes. But Flint detected power in the man; and to-day he seems no madder than the whole German nation has been, up to and through the dreadful war.

Nietzsche's Thus Spake Zarathustra was highly lauded in Germany as a work of genius, to be compared with Goethe's Faust. One of the leading musicians of the young German school, Dr. Richard Strauss, chose it as the subject of one of his best known symphonic compositions. That its teachings have entered into the German mind, have lodged there, and have helped to intoxicate the nation, seems only too certain in the light of recent events. The "aristocratic morality" of the Junkers and the German officers generally during the war has verily been "hard and intolerant," not to say cruel, inhuman, and bestial.

CHAPTER V

MILTON AND HENRY DRUMMOND ON "WILL"

"Not as I will, but as thou wilt," were among the last words of our Saviour during his night of agony in the garden; his meat was to do the will of the Father who sent him. This is the fundamental of all Christian doctrine and conduct, of all democracy. The illegitimate assertion of the will, in opposition to God—carnal pride—is rightly placed by Milton as the essence of evil. In his first speech in Pandemonium, to his fellows, after the recovery from their awful collapse, Satan insists on the assertion of will as giving the only hope of victory:

> "All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield."

He declares that to yield to God's will is to be a slave "to the tyranny of Heaven" (Nietzsche's "slave morality"). The whole

story of "Paradise Lost" is the story of an angel who through willfulness finally shrinks into a hissing reptile.

It was the writer's privilege when a student to listen during one summer to the preaching of Henry Drummond, then a probationer and filling the pulpit of Ayr Free Church. The topic upon which he chiefly dwelt was the subjection of the will to God's will. I well remember the tall lithe form, the clear-cut features, the ruddy hair, the brilliant eye; also the outstretched forefinger with which he emphasized the statement, "You must just find out the will of God." The fly-leaf of his Bible contained a summary of his reflections on the subject: "To find out God's will: (1) Pray. (2) Think. (3) Talk to wise people, but do not regard their decision as final (4) Beware of the bias of your own will, but do not be *too* much afraid of it. (God never unnecessarily thwarts a man's nature and likings, and it is a mistake to think that his will is in the line of the disagreeable.) (5) Meantime do the next thing (for doing God's will in small things is the best preparation for knowing it in great things). (6) When decision

and action are necessary, go ahead. (7) Never reconsider the decision when it is finally acted upon; and (8) You will probably not find out till afterward, perhaps long afterward, that you have been led at all." These addresses made a vivid and lasting impression.

CHAPTER VI

PROVIDENCE, PURITANISM, AND *KULTUR*

THIS idea of providential leading, so marked in all evangelical English thought, is a target for ridicule with the up-to-date philosopher and theologian. Ernst Troeltsch, professor of theology in the University of Berlin, writing quite recently (1915) on the "Spirit of German *Kultur*," discusses the Englishman's notion of freedom. "It is his creed," he declares, "that this freedom coincides with the welfare of the state, which he proves in puritanical fashion by means of Providence." We saw how Nietzsche threw overboard all belief in providential goodness; and there has been a constant sneer through recent German literature at this reliance on God's will, this trust in the leadings of Providence, these Puritanic notions of divine authority. The recent short survey of "American Literature" by Professor Leon Kellner, which

opens with a discussion of its character, is a bitter attack on Puritanism and Providence. The two terms are well linked together, for Puritanism is the creed which asserts Eternal Providence. "Absorption in God," he remarks, "seems incompatible with the presentation of mankind. The God of the Puritans was in this respect too a jealous God who brooked no sort of creative rivalry. The inspired moments of the loftiest soul were filled with the thought of God and his designs; spiritual life was wholly dominated by solicitude regarding salvation, the hereafter, grace; how could such petty concerns as personal experiences of a lyric nature, the transports or the pangs of love, find utterance? What did a lyric occurrence like the first call of the cuckoo, elsewhere so welcome, or the first sight of the snowdrop, signify compared with the last Sunday's sermon?"

This is neither good theology, philosophy, nor literature. It was a Puritan lad, training for the ministry in one of the stricter Presbyterian organizations, and knowing his Bible first of all, who wrote the lyric on the Cuckoo, which was the delight of Edmund

Burke. When the great orator went north to Scotland, he made it a point to visit its author and tell him how highly he esteemed the verses, unequaled in their way:

"What time the daisy decks the green
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
And mark the rolling year?

"Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!"

It is greatly to the credit of Puritan life and thought that in the century and a half between Shakespeare and Burke, the cuckoo, a symbol of adultery and used in the dramatist's plays to evoke an indecent laugh—it was a regular stage gag—should have become again one with nature at its best. No better foundation for a proper lyric sense than the psalms of David can well be recommended; and these were the pabulum of its Puritan author. We accept Professor Kellner's issue; in place of discrediting Puritanism, it helps the cause.

CHAPTER VII

TENNYSON'S GRASP OF MODERN SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT

TENNYSON was no smug Philistine, with eye, ear, and brain deaf to the onward march of life; he was among the "shock troops" in the forefront of the battle of life. When "In Memoriam" appeared in 1851, it was a little ahead of the times, and was not understood for a decade except by the initiated. It not only handled evolution in a masterly way, but foreshadowed the more recent antidote to materialistic evolution known as pragmatism. One feature is common to pragmatism and the outlook of the author of "In Memoriam," the conception of a world so vast that men need not trouble over the practical difficulties of human immortality—an overpeopling of the universe. How restricted was the old idea of the world, with heaven just above the clouds and Hades in the bowels of the earth, the round world thus including all created beings except a few

elect spirits! But as William James, the apostle of pragmatism, remarks, "the tiresomeness of an overpeopled heaven is a purely subjective and illusory notion, a sign of human incapacity, a remnant of the old, narrow-hearted aristocratic creed. . . . The heart of being can have no exclusions akin to that which our poor little hearts set up." [1]

Tennyson's world of eighty years ago had begun to grow and expand in an extraordinary way. It was the very year after Hallam's death that the electric telegraph superseded pigeon flights for rapid messages. Indeed, the record flight for carrier pigeons was made in Belgium the summer he died—a fact which may explain the recurring reference to this mode of communication found in "In Memoriam," for example, in Section xii:

> "Lo, as a dove when up she springs,
> To bear through Heaven a tale of woe,
> Some dolorous message knit below
> The wild pulsation of her wings."

Steamers were now crossing the Atlantic, and railway trains were speeding across

[1] Human Immortality, pp. 43, 44.

islands and continents. There is an echo of the railway train in the lines of "Locksley Hall," written when Tennyson was residing in the neighborhood of London:

"Not in vain the distance beckons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin for ever, down the ringing grooves of change."

Science, pure and applied, was wonderfully active:

"A time to sicken and to swoon,
When Science reaches forth her arms
To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon!" (Section XXI)

These lines recurred to me several years ago when I stood with Professor Aitken at the foot of the great Lick telescope on Mount Hamilton, and he described to me the latest devices for "charming its secrets" from a heavenly body. Attached to the lower end of the large tube is a triangular box which incloses electrical apparatus delicately adjusted to register two things—the distance of a star and its composition. We need not go into the scientific details; it is sufficient to indicate the uses and value of the wonderful

instrument—one of the most carefully adjusted among all electrical appliances. I did, indeed, quote the lines, and as we went on to talk of Tennyson's intense interest in all things scientific he told me that Johann Gottfried Galle was just dead in Germany at the advanced age of ninety-eight. Galle it was who first gazed upon the planet Neptune, and set the scientific world at rest on the subject. The discovery took place on the night of September 16, 1846, in the Sternwarte at Berlin, where he was operator. At this time Tennyson was still busy with the composition of his great elegy, chiefly in the way of additions and emendations. It had been a Cambridge man, well known to Tennyson, who made the first positive statement that such a planet existed in the heavens. At the close of the seventeenth century Herschel had discovered the planet Uranus, and thus added one to the moving bodies of the celestial universe. Close observations made by Professor John Crouch Adams, who had left Cambridge for Saint Andrew's University, revealed the fact that the movements of Uranus were disturbed by the presence of some other factor, probably

a companion planet. A few months later, from independent researches, Leverrier in France made the same announcement. In England, Airy, the astronomer-royal, and Challis of Cambridge at once set to work to locate the new planet, and were narrowing down results to a few possibilities when Galle found the planet. The interest taken in the whole matter by Cambridge may well be imagined, not least by Tennyson and his set, who, though wrapped up in poetical, historical, philosophical, and other problems, breathed the atmosphere of the home of Sir Isaac Newton. Notwithstanding the scientific activities of the German universities before the war, Cambridge has never ceased to be, in a large and high sense, the world home of science proper.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PROBLEM OF "IN MEMORIAM"

THE central problem of "In Memoriam" is religious and philosophic. It is a mistake to divorce these two terms, as if religion could be severed from philosophy, a mistake that pragmatism does not make, but which the Sense philosophers of the past century have constantly been making. Where is the final harmony of the universe, and what is meant by immortality? Is the final harmony found in self-perfection? Does it consist in æsthetic self-satisfaction? "No," says the Christian thinker, "for the essence of religion is self-renunciation and the bowing-down to a higher will." In one of his stimulating books, Mr. Chesterton lays down some maxims that are well worth considering. He regards as one of the evil influences of our time the tendency to place everything in the present and the future, and ignore the past. "Eternity" is a word that reads both backward and forward; but especially to the de-

vout man it reads backward. To know God is to know him in revelation and history. God explains the universe, and we can understand immortality only through him, for immortality reads backward.

The great song of harmony with which "In Memoriam" begins, and which was written after the poet had passed out of the depths and was in the sunshine again, begins with the Invocation: "Strong Son of God, immortal Love;" that is, the love that was from the beginning. As Saint John has it, "In the beginning was the intelligence, the life, the light; and this—the Word—was with God and was God." The Word is that which gives harmony to the universe. By this eternal life, and by it alone, can our wills be understood, and to get our wills in harmony with this life is to realize the end of our being and to consecrate them.

From the harmony of the Invocation, recognizing a wisdom that is not of this world which gives peace to the soul, we are plunged into the discord of the opening section. It implies the rejection of a cherished theory of existence, held by some thinker for whom the poet had high respect:

"I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Notice the past tense—"held," not "hold"—although the lines are often misquoted. Indeed, they so appear on the title page of one of Julia Magruder's stories (Dead Selves, 1898), as if the statement were an assertion that holds good, and not a protest. The philosophy of life here referred to as inadequate and unsatisfying is that of the German Goethe. It is the doctrine of self-realization, the completion of the pyramid of man's possibilities in life; as if a man's work or labor here were ultimate. At crises in a man's life he finds that he is more than his work, and that he must fall back on the springs of action and of life in order to have real spiritual nourishment. "That genuine personal work," says a recent writer, "into which a Goethe might have concentrated the powers of his soul, may come, through the very concentration which ennobled it, to be a narrow or hardening influence. 'He that findeth his life shall lose it.' "

CHAPTER IX

THE CRISIS AND THE DILEMMA

Such a crisis came in the life of Tennyson when his dear friend and hero, the saintly Hallam, was suddenly called away from earth. The great statesman William Ewart Gladstone, who was at Eton with Arthur Hallam, rated him extraordinarily high. His estimate of Hallam's noble intellectual powers and singular elevation of character agreed in essence with all that is stated in "In Memoriam." "He resembled a passing emanation from some other and less darkly checkered world"—such was his testimony. Was Tennyson prepared to call his friendship with Hallam an experience, to be used to help him in his personal life, and be gradually forgotten? Or had he here touched the immortal thing called Love, the Life Worth Living, and was this remembrance to be cherished as jealously as the miser treasures his gold? In this friendship he had found the real meaning of life; it must

never wither and become dead. Tennyson rejects with disdain the phrase "dead selves" as unworthy. There must be no mundane, commercial interpretation of his ideal friendship. Note the bitter flavor he finds in the business terms "gain" and "interest" used in such a connection:

> "But who shall so forecast the years,
> And find in loss a gain to match?
> Or reach a hand through time to catch
> The far-off interest of tears?"

He had come to the limit of rationality and common sense—"everything for the best in the best of worlds; or if not, grin and bear it, and *forget.*" No, he was now face to face with a nature which killed off her noblest offspring, just when they were about to yield their legitimate fruit of influence. A beneficent nature had evidently to be rejected, and he was up against the fundamentals—the real meaning of Life, Love, Will, lying outside of a "blind nature," cruel and remorseless, such as might suit the unfilial Edmund of Shakespeare's Lear (Act I, sc. ii).

Notice the wild outburst of the next two quatrains:

"Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drowned;
Let darkness keep her raven gloss;
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,

"Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of Love, and boast,
'Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.'"

The poet here declares his willingness to give himself to the wildest orgies of grief, to lead the life of a Trappist monk, rather than have Time point with a triumphant and disdainful smile at his "dead self." To find a clue to the real sentiment of the passage we must turn to the wonderful 116th sonnet of Shakespeare, where the nature of love is discussed, and where its eternal quality is insisted upon:

"Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool. . . ."

It is worthy of remark that in Section IV Tennyson so uses the word "fool": "Thou shalt not be the fool of loss." In this connection it may be remarked that in "In Memoriam" we seem to be again in the "friend-love" atmosphere of the spacious Elizabethan times, which was overshadowed in later Puritan times by marital love. When the first Lord Brooke died, he left instructions that his monument should bear the simple words: "Fulke Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Councillor tc King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney." The life he had lived with that Sir Galahad, cut off in his prime forty years before, remained as his most cherished possession.

The first three sections of the poem present us with a dilemma, whose two horns are both distasteful, but not equally so, to the poet. The first horn is the more repellent. The outlook upon life, with his friend gone forever and nothing to be done but to make the best of his loss, is associated with a comfort that is repulsive: "One will be the better for the experience, and raise on the old soil a new crop of still more valuable experiences." He refuses utterly thus to dig up

the sacred garden of his friendship, and make a commercial profit out of it. The garden must be preserved with all care; the plants must not be allowed to wither. The seasons must not be suffered to lay it waste or make it desolate. But then the other horn—what of it? To live wholly in the past is to lose touch with the present, and make him surly and angry in a world which killed his greatest joy. He must shut himself up, so to speak, in a cemetery, and become a caretaker in the vaults of death. Nature becomes "a hollow form with empty hands."

CHAPTER X

A POSSIBLE SOLUTION

So bleak an outlook on life was naturally unsatisfactory to the high-strung poet, a keen lover of nature. But yet it was preferable to the sordid solution just considered. Even Schopenhauer, the apostle of the hard and intolerant, who scoffs at religion and love, in visiting the Trappist monastery in Normandy, had to admit that there was dignity and sweetness in some of the faces there that haunted him. But is this continual martyrdom of the senses a necessary thing? Why should flesh and blood be compelled to endure it? The solution is just hinted at in Sections XIII and XIV, where a spirit world is apprehended, the contemplation of which relieves the tension of his feelings and allows him the comfort of tears.

Does Tennyson ever admit throughout the poem that the years may, or do, turn for the wise man the deepest loss into gain? We have noted the repulsion he expresses for

the state of mind which would use and apply the commercial standard of debit and credit to so sacred a matter as the loss of his friend. Actually there is nothing in the remainder of the poem which would entitle the reader to make any such admission. He studiously avoids the use of the word "higher" in respect to any advance or growth made by himself. In the fifth stanza of the Bridal Song, after granting that regret is dead—his last regret being a sigh for that very regret—he uses the words:

"For I myself with these [summers] have grown
To something greater than before."

"Greater," be it observed, not "higher." The seed sown in the five summers of companionship had sprung up, and the plant had increased; but there was no change of quality. For the rest of his life the type of character known and loved in his friend remained the ideal standard of excellence. To attach the word "higher" to anything else, in comparison with this, was to him a heresy. Note how he refers to his friend:

"And dear to me as sacred wine
To dying lips is all he said."

Such passages as the above laid him open to the criticisms of the devout. They should, on the other hand, in fairness, settle the question whether he ever dreamed of "rising on his dead self to higher things."

The pastor of a leading congregation in one of our great cities was taking a class through "In Memoriam." He set out to show how every loss may be turned into gain if the sufferer has the right spirit; that this is the way to build up our lives. I warned him that he was striking a wrong note for the interpretation of "In Memoriam"; but he differed from me. In a few weeks, however, he was convinced, by actual experience in teaching, that my objections were valid; that the conventional interpretation would not work. A lover of truth, he has since risen to prominence in the church.

On one occasion, the most dramatic in his life, the English statesman George Canning declared on the floor of the House of Commons: "I call on a New World to redress the balance of the old." Though the cause of liberalism seemed hopeless in Europe, with the mighty forces arrayed against it, republics were rising across the Atlantic imbued

with the spirit of progress; and on these he counted for final victory. There is a similar change of base noticeable in "In Memoriam." It alters the value of the terms in which the two cases of the dilemma are expressed. His friend is no longer dead, but a living occupant of another and better world. Again, the world is no longer the mere world of phenomena with no outlet beyond the vaults of death. These vaults open to a world of reality, the eternal world of spirit. The solution of the dilemma, then, consists in rejecting the terms in which the two cases, or horns, are expressed. Death, treated as a final boundary in the mundane vocabulary of the first case, comes to be regarded as a mere passage or ford to something beyond. The point of that horn is thus blunted. The world of phenomena which his loss rendered hateful to him because it seemed under the sway of cruelty and injustice, became a mere obscure corner in the great, bright universe of God. And the point of the second horn is equally blunted.

At Sections XIII and XIV, as already said, we receive vague hints of the solution. The melting into tears is a significant and

helpful sign—as in his lyric, "Home they brought her warrior dead." Up to that time there was a stony grief. It removes a dislocation, and effects a junction with the world of sense. Section XXVII closes with a note of resignation. For twenty-seven sections the poet has been in the depths of sadness and despair, and the only palliative left to him is the maxim of the pagan Seneca: *"Magis gauderes quod habueras, quam moereres quod amiseras"*—

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

CHAPTER XI

THE "WINGS OF FAITH"

With the Christmas bells came Christmas hope and faith. Not through argument delivered from the pulpit, however, nor through exhortation, nor mystically through ritual, but through the simpler channel of consecrated lives. It is strange that so few writers on "In Memoriam" should see the extraordinary significance of Section XXX. It really marks a crisis in the poet's life, when he definitely ranges himself with believers, the devout women of his family, who got into touch with heaven through song:

"We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
Upon us: surely rest is meet:
'They rest,' we said, 'their sleep is sweet,'
And silence followed, and we wept.

"Our voices took a higher range;
Once more we sang: 'They do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change.

" 'Rapt from the fickle and the frail
With gathered power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.' "

The closing quatrain is significant as showing his change of mood:

"Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born."

The Lord Jesus brought life and immortality to light; and faith in him immediately brings hope. It is the same hope that is giving peaceful ecstasy to the singers, one of whom has lost her lover and earthly prospects of a happy home.

The modern mystic Maurice Maeterlinck has a significant passage in his The Treasure of the Humble which bears out this interpretation. "For women," he states in "On Woman," "are indeed the veiled sisters of all the great things we do not see. They are indeed nearest of kin to the infinite that is about us, and they alone can still smile at it with the intimate grace of the child, to whom its father inspires no fear. It is they who preserve here below the pure fragrance of

our soul, like some jewel from heaven, which none know how to use; and were they to depart, the spirit would reign in solitude in a desert."

The thought occurred to me, in examining the lines critically, that the melodists must have been singing a definite hymn; and it seemed worth while to discover what were the words which had inspired them. It will be hard, I think, to find verses which suit the conditions so satisfactorily as a familiar hymn of Dr. Isaac Watts, teacher in song of God's providence and love. The use of the word "veil" furnishes a clue, and the whole imagery is congenial:

"Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

"Once they were mourners here below,
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

"I ask them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

"They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

"Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven."

The second stanza has been omitted in some hymnals, as if it struck a jarring note; but it suits well with the situation. Hallam had passed through doubts and struggles before he came out triumphant:

"He fought his doubts and gathered strength;
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

"To find a stronger faith his own;
And Power was with him in the night" (Section XCVI).

CHAPTER XII

THE BARRIER "VEIL"

An indication that it was Dr. Watts's hymn which was sung at that sad Christmas time is the phrase that appears in the first stanza, "within the veil." It establishes a bond of sympathy between Tennyson and Isaac Watts, across a whole century.

Watts took the term out of the theological field, and gave it to the religion of the home. Tennyson widened its scope by extending its use to the philosophy of common life; always basing it on belief in a heaven, beyond the veil. "Crossing the Bar" is "passing within the veil." With Fitzgerald, in his "Rubáiyát," the term thins into a mere acceptance of the mystery of life and death. And today, in popular usage, it has almost lost a specific reference to heaven.

The poet's close acquaintance with Holy Writ is shown in his use of "veil" in the plural. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews speaks of the "second veil, the tab-

ernacle which is called the Holiest of all." In "The Two Voices," written during the period of storm and stress which followed Hallam's death, Tennyson has the word in the plural:

> "He seems to hear a Heavenly Friend,
> And through thick veils to apprehend
> A labor working to an end."

So also, in the verse from Section XXX already quoted, he refers to more than one veil:

> "Pierces the keen seraphic flame
> From orb to orb, from veil to veil."

But in the later use of the word in the poem, at Section LVI, where the whole argument is passionately summed up, the word is in the singular. He fails to see final law in a nature that can be cruel and capricious, careful only of the type, ruthless to the individual; and he calls for a higher law of the spirit:

> "O life as futile, then, as frail!
> O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
> What hope of answer or redress?
> Behind the veil, behind the veil."

The use of the word "veil," in a metaphorical sense, comes into the language with Tindale's Version of the New Testament, which appeared in 1526, and later versions followed him. The passages in Hebrews where it is so used will be found at the close of the sixth and in later chapters. The imagery is taken from the furniture of the temple, where the Holy of holies was guarded by a veil, into which the high priest went alone every year, "not without blood, which he offered for himself, and for the errors of the people." Christ, by his death, "the shedding of his own blood," entered as High Priest, "not into the holy place made with hands, which are the figures of the true, but into heaven itself." This is the foundation of the Christian faith, "which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil" (Heb. 6. 19).

Dr. Watts seems to have been the first to use the term "veil" of the shrouded passage into heaven, not with specific reference to Christ and his sacrificial work, but as applying to all believers. To literalists at the time the usage may have appeared bold and

unwarranted, and there are seemingly no instances of its literary use until Tennyson's, in "In Memoriam," of the barrier or bourne of life, leading to the heaven beyond. Thereafter it becomes common. Seven years afterward, Edward Fitzgerald, the poet's lifelong friend, uses the term twice in his "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyám:

"There was the door to which I found no key,
There was the Veil, through which I might not see;
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me."

And again:

"When you and I behind the Veil are past."

And so it has passed into general use; has become "current coin." Our ordinary interpretation of immortality is an immediate transference to heaven; a heaven that has no change nor progress. Tennyson is not satisfied with this ideal. He supposes the immortal spirit, "the keen seraphic flame"—to paraphrase the above two stanzas—snatched away from its unstable and mean earthly surroundings, and proceeding from one world to another in God's great universe,

waxing ever nobler, yet never losing its identity. In the vision of Section CIII, his friend appears "thrice as large as man." A consideration of his views on immortality will come later, with sections that deal directly with the subject.

CHAPTER XIII

IDEAL FAITH AND LOVE

We are now definitely in the Christian domain. The next section after the thirtieth begins with a contemplation of the consecrated life of faith and love, of which the New Testament type is Mary, "whose eyes are homes of silent prayer." The Master is her hero, her "life," and she is satisfied. In her the human and the divine have inexplicably met. Tennyson encountered the same phenomenon in his own sisters, and it convinced him once for all that the fundamentals of our life, the things worth living for, remain matters of simple faith, not within the domain of our analytic powers. The solution of life is "behind the veil."

The other great Puritan poem, Milton's "Paradise Lost," makes the decision of the woman the undoing of her too trustful husband. Eve leads Adam on the wrong path; her "will" dominates. Is not the assertion of will as something particularly to

be cherished rather effeminate and childish than manly or womanly in the better sense? It has been the peculiar temptation of women in the past, raised to power with no adequate training in judgment and temperance. The temper of the German people, taught in the school of "will-to-power," has been strangely childish and undignified; often pure "bad temper." Their cult of hate has been worthy only of an ill-tempered miss or scowling schoolboy. Milton makes his Adam carefully guard the free will of his wife; he left the decision of her actions to herself:

"I warned thee; I admonished thee.
. . . Beyond this had been force;
And force upon free will hath here no place."

Eve fell, but they repented and began life together; she became his true partner. The women of Tennyson's family, Puritan-bred, are true partners in his life; and their acceptance unmurmuringly of the divine dispensation, which bore so hard on one of their number, had a healing effect on his wounded spirit, and led him into faith and peace.

Nietzsche's philosophy of life reduced

woman to quite a subordinate place, away from initiative in conduct outside of merely domestic affairs. The woman who loves, according to his creed, must give herself up entirely to the man, who in his turn must accept this gift manfully; "so wills it the law of love, a law which is at times tragic and painful, and places the barrier of an insurmountable antagonism between the two sexes."[1] Here he brings in the ugly and intrusive distinction of sex in the spiritual realm, where it has no vital place. Tennyson's ideal of love is the sound Puritan and Pauline conception based on the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, applying equally to man and woman. To keep it from the taint of sex passion, the translators of the King James version had to translate the Greek *agape* by "charity", but the complete partnership in religious and other matters set up in the Puritan home entirely removed the objection, and the Revised Version replaced the colder and weaker word by the warmer and stronger "love." The law of love as understood by Tennyson can never place any "antagonism between the

[1] The Gospel of Superman, p. 144.

two sexes"; the phrase is unmeaning. It is a vital force which is far wider in its scope than merely family life:

"Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompassed by his faithful guard,

"And hear at times a sentinel
Who moves about from place to place
And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well."

This reduction of the functions of woman in Germany to the three K's, *Kinder, Küche, Kirche*—and Nietzsche knocks out the last as foolishness—has been one of the causes of the downfall of the German empire. While in France, England, and America the women have acted as partners of the men, helping to infuse a warm humanitarianism into the social and political life, German women, confining their outlook to the family outfit and the family larder, and regarding "war" as the proper function of men, with rules of its own, have been grossly defective in kindliness and decency. They welcomed the war as likely to bring good times and

prosperity, conformed their ethics entirely to the brutal creed of the Junkers, and treated prisoners of war with a spiteful hatred which they mistook for patriotism. It is a miserable story of dwarfed education. Equally it may be said that the manly attitude and manly capacity shown by the women of England and France (using "manly" as a nonsexual term, implying a well-rounded human being and citizen) have given an extraordinary strength to these warring countries. It is impossible to read "In Memoriam" with due appreciation if we inject any supercilious sex distinction into our interpretation.

With Nietzsche, while love for a woman is merely a passing episode in a man's life, he supposes a higher love, which he regards as preeminently spiritual, a love for great problems. "For all great problems," he declares, "great love is necessary; and only minds which are strong, robust, sure, and solidly built on their foundations are capable of such love." In place of persons to love, he gives us abstractions; the old fallacy of the utilitarians which made happiness the end of life. Intellectual abstractions are

will-o'-the-wisps when human love is concerned; they will never take the place of the old humanities of father, mother, wife, brother and sister, friend, lover and fellow countryman. The same fallacy is present in the teaching of Tolstoy, and is producing grievous results to-day.

CHAPTER XIV

MISCONCEPTIONS OF "IN MEMORIAM"

At the time the poem was published religious people were still thinking in terms of Milton, with his *fiat* creation in which time and process had little or no concern. For instance, in "Paradise Lost" we are told that the Eternal Son moved into space with a pair of golden compasses, and forthwith the circular firmament, with concentric planetary circles, took shape, a globular earth at its center. The earth was peopled as by a magic wand:

"The grassy clods now calved; now half appeared
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts."

Rossetti's "Blessed Damosel," published the very same year as "In Memoriam," remains Miltonic and mediæval in its phraseology and conceptions. But Tennyson thinks and

speaks through modern conceptions of slow, eternal process:

> "Æonian music measuring out
> The steps of Time."

He conceives of his lost friend as still moving and growing and developing; not as gazing down restfully "from the gold bar of heaven" or singing in the heavenly choir. For a considerable time the thought and phraseology of "In Memoriam" lay outside of the grasp of the orthodox. In so far as it touched cosmic matters, it was deemed a little dangerous and unsettling.

Positivists, again, who were quite a power when Tennyson was writing, with their fondness for intellectual abstractions, failed to understand the whole drift of the poem. When the Positivist Taine wrote his History of English Literature fifty years ago, and it was translated into English in three portly volumes, it was hailed in university quarters as the best thing of the kind. To-day it is on the collateral shelf. Taine's Positivism, indeed, rendered him unable to grasp the real value and drift of either Milton or Tennyson—a vital defect. With religion re-

garded not as something final in life, but as a phase of civilization through which humanity has passed on its way to the goal of exact truth, how could poems like "Paradise Lost" or "In Memoriam" be grasped? Here is Taine's estimate of the latter:

" 'In Memoriam' is cold, monotonous, and often too prettily arranged. The poet goes into mourning; but like a correct gentleman, with brand new gloves, wipes away his tears with a cambric handkerchief, and displays throughout the religious service, which ends the ceremony, all the compunction of a respectful and well-trained layman. He was to find his subjects elsewhere." How different from the criticism of that incisive poet and thinker, Edward Fitzgerald, of "Rubáiyát" fame, who considered that after "In Memoriam" and "Maud," Tennyson wrote almost nothing of final significance.

A writer in a recent issue of Blackwood's Magazine, dealing with the Victorian age (August, 1918), clings to Taine's estimate: "Dickens's touch with his own age, his sermons and his theses, will fade away as surely as the philosophy of Tennyson will fade away."

One reason why Tennyson is so often misunderstood and discounted to-day lies in the antagonism he proclaimed to the doctrine which has permeated our thought in the past century, and is dominant in up-to-date economical treatises. The Pauline ethics, in establishing a higher law which must rule the Christian life, gave a value to the terms "gain" and "loss" which differed from the ordinary value given to them by the world. "What things were gain to me," says Paul, "these I counted loss for Christ." And so his gospel was a stumbling-block to the Jews, and foolishness to the Greeks. We know from his biography how close a student of Paul was Tennyson; how much he valued such a book as Jowett's Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans. Exactly as Paul does, he rejects the selfish interpretation of "gain" and "loss" when applied to the things of the spirit. He uses a word that had not in Paul's time its present vital force, the word "interest"—a coldly commercial term since banking became a power in the world. Note again the intense disgust—disgust at the complacent sordidness of the "practical" man—expressed in the quatrain:

"But who shall so forecast the years
And find in loss a gain to match?
Or reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?"

A commercial vocabulary is wholly out of place in such a discussion, and jars on the wounded soul. What human being is in a position to reckon up gain and loss in this mercantile fashion? Can man, frail man, afford to make such a calculation respecting future gain? When dealing with Life and the Soul, we deal with eternity, and enter the domain of a higher law.

Kultur in all its forms and aspects rejects such a higher law. The enlightened superman is a law unto himself in the unrestricted development of his powers; the enlightened state makes its own morality. Unprincipled commercialism may become as deadly a foe to humanity as unprincipled autocracy. *Kultur* may be defined as "civilization built on the principle of enlightened selfishness." It became a world-menace in Germany, owing to the ill-fated combination made between a powerful military caste and an efficient industrial and commercial bourgeoisie, both partisans of the creed. In overthrow-

ing the military machine, the nations have by no means destroyed all the evil conditions in Germany. The whole civilization has been built on selfishness. The virus of a low-pitched theory of life had entered deeply into the soul of the German business man, who as long as the men in shining armor brought him victories and spoil was as coldly selfish as von Hindenburg himself. And our own democracy has to be on its guard against the same peril. Those who fail to see the drift of Tennyson's teaching in these resonant lines are on the same side of the fence with *Kultur*. Christ and immortality have the final say regarding "gain" and "loss" when these terms are applied to the soul's welfare. This is the basal teaching of "In Memoriam."

CHAPTER XV

GEORGE ELIOT'S UNSATISFACTORY CREED

A CONTEMPORARY frankly on the other side from Tennyson in all the deeper issues of life was George Eliot. Brought up in a strict evangelicalism, she went over in early life to the doctrines of positivism, and accepted a law working alike for nature and man. A woman above narrow egotism, she allowed the claims of theory to dominate her spirit, and asserted herself logically as an unbeliever both in speech and in conduct. Whereas Tennyson, at a critical moment in his life, underwent a revival, a "warming up" of his earlier instincts—the significance of the term is often lost—George Eliot made the fatal mistake of breaking with traditions of holy Christian marriage by entering into a union with a man already married, who happened to have an incompatible partner. The noblest character she portrays in all her novels is Dinah Morris, the devout Methodist, patterned after her own aunt,

Such a step as the Lewes liaison at once severed relations with her early friends of this type, and made the rest of her life, instead of communion and fellowship, mere bitter-sweet reminiscence. Take away the delights of reminiscence from George Eliot's studies and there is little of value left. One is reminded of the mariner in Roscoe's admirable sonnet:

"And as the leaning mariner, his hand
Clasped on his oar, strives trembling to reclaim
Some loved lost echo from the fleeting strand,
So lean I back to the poetic land;
And in my heart a sound, a voice, a name
Hangs, as above the lamp hangs the expiring flame."

The glory of life for her lies entirely in the past, a glory all the time growing dimmer. She has focused it for us intellectually in her wonderful novels, but she was herself untrue to the life that gave warmth and reality to the characters she depicts. Indeed, she went definitely over the fence into the new faith of Submission to Natural Law. While Tennyson declares that,

"If Death were seen
At first as Death, Love had not been,"

George Eliot pens perhaps the finest of her poems, "The Legend of Jubal," to prove that the calm acceptance of death as a merging into nature reveals the meaning of love. Jubal had given music to humanity, and could die happy, although his friends rejected and maltreated him:

"The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
While Jubal lonely laid him down to die.
He said within his soul, 'This is the end:
O'er all the earth to where the heavens bend
And hem man's travel, I have breathed my soul:
I lie here now, the remnant of that whole,
The embers of a life, a lonely pain;
As far-off rivers to my thirst were vain,
So of my mighty years naught comes to me
again.

"'Is the day sinking? Softest coolness springs
From something round me: dewy shadowy wings
Inclose me all around—no, not above—
Is moonlight there? I see a face of love,
Fair as sweet music when my heart was strong:
Yea—art thou come again to me, great
Song?'"

Jubal's immortality was to live in the souls of others who would enjoy his music; his own personality was lost:

"He heard more faintly and more faintly knew,
Quitting mortality, a quenched sun-wave,
The All-creating Presence for his grave."

In the extraordinary fondness for abstraction characteristic of the Positivist school of thinking, love itself is here divested of personality and allied to an abstraction, song. The process, indeed, of George Eliot's career is from personality based on religious belief —tied up, it may be, with much that was outworn and unreasonable—to an intellectualism that lost itself in abstractions and evaded the final issues of life. Her immortality is conceived in terms of fame, characterized by Milton as "that last infirmity of noble mind." It is so enunciated in her creed-chant, "O May I Join the Choir Invisible":

"O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end in self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues."

And so on. There is no realization, in this delightful dreaming, of life as a warfare with sin, of the evil inherent in nature, of the divine law that prohibits such acts as her "marriage," as she called it, to George Henry Lewes, who became her "beloved husband." It has been justified by her "need of some one to lean upon"; or, again, "Without his insight into literary faculty, and his sustaining sympathy, it is doubtful whether she would have produced the writings which have made her fame." And is not fame the only immortality?

Lewes, while a brilliant thinker and writer, whose Life and Works of Goethe (1855) was for long the best biography of the great German, had but little of the religious in his make-up, and often shocked pure-minded men with his loose tongue.

There is a pathetic story of a conversation George Eliot had with the Cambridge scholar and writer, Frederic W. H. Myers, who devoted his life to a search for the bases of human immortality. His first book was a poem, "St. Paul," and he has given us an excellent Life of Wordsworth; but his *magnum opus* is his Human Personality and

Its Survival of Bodily Death, published posthumously in 1903. He tells us in one of his Essays Classical and Modern how once at Cambridge he walked with the novelist in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May:

"She, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-call of men—the words God, Immortality, Duty—pronounced with terrible earnestness how inconceivable was the first, how unbelievable the second, and yet how peremptory and absolute the third. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing Law. I listened, and night fell, her grave majestic countenance turned toward me like a sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise, and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fate. And when we stood at length and parted, amid that columnar circuit of the forest trees, I seemed to be gazing, like Titus at Jerusalem, on vacant seats and empty halls—on a sanctuary with no Presence to

hallow it, and heaven left lonely of a God." How clear and unmistakable the issue!

Tennyson has dealt in his "In Memoriam" with the ruinous effect on personality of making the desire for immortality in letters or otherwise justify any infraction of moral conduct. Like Milton, he would regard such a lapse as infinitely to be regretted: a mark of "infirmity":

"We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.

"O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name"
(Section LXXIII).

The immortality of fame is uncertain and vanishing; the poet's

"Deepest lays are dumb,
Before the mouldering of a yew;

"And if the matin songs that woke
The darkness of our planet, last,
Thine own shall wither in the vast,
Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

"Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers
With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain;
And what are they when these remain
The ruin'd shells of hollow towers?"

On this same subject—the "subjective immortality" of the Comtists—the poet wrote in a private letter, dated 1886: "I should say as Napoleon is reported to have said. When some one was urging upon him how much more glorious was the immortality of a great artist, a painter, for instance, than that of a great soldier, he asked how long the best painted and best preserved picture would last. 'About eight hundred years.' 'Bah, *telle immortalité.*' "

CHAPTER XVI

THOMAS HARDY'S GRIM PESSIMISM

A MODERN writer who grimly faces the situation like Tennyson, but returns a different answer, is Thomas Hardy, poet and novelist. He gives up—says *"Kamerad!"* —to Time and the "Victor Hours." He contemplates life in what appears to him to be its practical aspect; and he advises his readers to accept calmly the inevitable. One of his Wessex Tales—a simple enough narrative in itself—has a terrible significance. Its title is "Fellow-Townsmen," and it tells the story of two men's lives. One is happily wedded; the other, having married a fashionable wife who cares nothing for him, is miserable. A boating accident occurs, and the dearly loved wife is drowned, while the woman whose only destiny in life seems to make her husband miserable, is rescued from death. In the excess of his grief, the bereaved husband intends to erect over her grave the most elaborate of tombstones.

The architect whom he consulted regarded his notions as extravagant. But as the months passed by his grief subsided; the cares of life began to press on him. By the close of the year he "has so reduced design after design, that the whole thing," so the architect reports, "has been but waste labor for me; till in the end it has become a common headstone, which a mason put up in half a day." Here we have a case of the triumph of the "Victor Hours."

In one of his poems, "A Sign Seeker," Hardy confesses to having given up the search for heavenly consolation, which brought Tennyson into the light:

"There are who, rapt to heights of tranced trust,
These tokens claim to feel and see,
Read radiant hints of time to be—
Of heart to heart returning after dust to dust.

"Such scope is granted not my powers indign.
I have lain in dead men's beds, have walked
The tombs of those with whom I'd talked,
Called many a gone and goodby to shape a sign,

"And panted for response. But none replies;
No warnings loom, nor whisperings
To open out my limitings,
And Nescience mutely muses: When a man falls
he lies."

CHAPTER XVII

TENNYSON ON THE "WORD"

TENNYSON'S goal in all his discussions is neither abstract truth, nor human happiness, nor power, but the complete life. He is here at one with Plato, whose whole philosophy starts from and returns to the personality of his friend and master Socrates. Take away Socrates's life and death from Plato's scheme of things, and the bottom goes out. It is no wonder that Nietzsche has so slight an estimate of the great and good Athenian, whose interpretation of values differed radically from his own. He sensed an opponent: "The normal man is put on guard by his reason against the errors of his instinct; the instinct—that familiar 'demon' whose voice he sometimes heard—warned him of the errors of his logic! . . . Of a less noble character than the Greeks of the tragic epoch, he could nevertheless fascinate his contemporaries by the superiority of his dialectics: he bade adieu to life calmly,

without regrets, confirming by his death his unshaken faith in his ideas and serene optimism." So Henri Lichtenberger sums up the German's estimate of Socrates; and the editor, Mr. J. M. Kennedy, adds a footnote to the effect that "Nietzsche became more and more hostile to Socrates as time went on. He saw in him the plebeian and decadent type, presenting as he did a great contrast to the aristocratic type of the tragic age overflowing with vital strength."[1]

Having established in the thirtieth and the following sections that simple Christian faith is the clue to life, making it worth living, the poet goes on in the thirty-sixth section to deal with the great Christian doctrine of the Word, the *Logos,* the divine intention which explains this sin-stricken world and assures a final goal of human brotherhood; a Christian doctrine developed from Plato, to whom this world could only be really explained by another, the eternal home of life and peace. In this connection he brings in the noble work of modern missions, a subject in which he took a live interest. In missionary labors we have the spreading of the Word.

[1] The Gospel of Superman, p. 54.

That prince of missionaries John Williams, the martyr of Eromanga, was in the midst of his labors in the islands of the Pacific when Hallam's short life came to a close. His last visit home was made when Tennyson was living in the neighborhood of London, and among the crowded audiences he addressed at Exeter Hall no doubt the poet was to be found. The thirty-sixth section exactly describes the labors of Williams, teacher, carpenter, boat-builder, comrade, friend, bringing an ideal of humanity to these wild islanders:

"And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds,
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;

"Which he may read who binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef."

The time at which this section was written, as well as the poet's mood and habit, indicate that he came probably directly into touch with the noble character and ideals of John Williams.

So much for Tennyson's interpretation of the Word. There follows a series of sections dealing with the whole problem of immortality; which is essentially Life in its fuller cosmic interpretation, and the "king-pin" of the Christian faith. Here Tennyson is in full accord with that great Oxford teacher and thinker, John Ruskin, who in the best of his addresses, The Mystery of Life and its Arts, when telling his hearers that they came to hear about the Art of this world, was grieved with their apathy regarding the Life of the next. "Are you sure of the promised heaven?" he inquires. "Or if not sure, do any of us care to make it sure? And if not, how can anything that we do be right—how can anything we think be wise? what honor can there be in the arts that amuse us, or what profit in the possessions that please?"

CHAPTER XVIII

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY

TENNYSON discusses life in the spiritual and higher sense under at least six aspects. There is the ideal life here of insight, love, and sympathy, which he found in a marvelous fashion in Hallam. When he was with his friend, Tennyson seemed truly to live, and he capitalizes the noun to give the term an ideal meaning:

> "I know that this was Life—the track
> Whereon with equal feet we fared."

To continue to exist on a lower level would be a constant degradation. If the eye of Providence were to see such a life as in store for himself,

> "In more of life true life no more
> And Love the indifference to be,"

then the poet hopes and longs for death. Without the divine spark kept alive and bright in a man's soul, he has no reason for

existence. This divinity in his friend on some occasions seemed to flash forth when he spoke,

> "The rapt oration flowing free
>
> . . . . . .
>
> To those conclusions when we saw
> The God within him light his face."

When with his friend Hallam, Tennyson seemed to himself to grasp immortality as an inherent element of the soul, Life with a capital L. To many believers, immortality remains merely a *hope,* something that the future holds in its lap. Others, with a wider sweep, have sought to realize an immortality that was, and is, and is to come; among whom was "Plato, the wise, first of those who know." It was his great master Socrates who, during the hours preceding his tragic death, discoursed on the life of the soul, and found that reminiscence was necessary for its proper understanding. And so he postulated preexistence. In the reaction against a Rousseau nature-worship of a monistic kind, the poet Wordsworth became a distinct dualist, claiming for man an "inward light" that comes from a divine

source. He reverted to the Platonic doctrine of reminiscence as affording a clue to the mystery of life, and embodied his thoughts in his incomparable "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Childhood," one of the great poems of the world. It really gave the high tone to spiritual thinking in the poetry of the nineteenth century, rescuing thought from the flat self-complacency of the previous epoch.

At this time there was a general revolt from the too-harsh Calvinism which had posited the damnation of infants as a necessity of the doctrine of original sin. If infant damnation is a tenet that we are bound to hold, then there is no room for Wordsworth's application of Plato's doctrine. Its supporters claim for childhood a peculiar charm, as fragrant with the blessedness of the eternal. A babe, it has been well said, is the most precious bundle that arms may carry. The "baby new to earth and sky" of Tennyson's forty-fifth section is a link with eternal blessedness, not with evil. Platonic idealists like to believe with Wordsworth that

> "Trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God who is our home,"

and that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

To find a like philosophy in English poetry we must go back to Henry Vaughan, a Platonist of the seventeenth century, whose ardent wish it was that he could carry childhood through later life. His lines beginning,

> "Happy those early days, when I
> Shined in my angel-infancy,"

are well known. In a poem entitled "Childhood," he addresses it as an

> "Age of mysteries! which he
> Must live twice that would God's face see."

It would seem as if Vaughan interpreted this new birth as a recurrence to the blessedness of childhood, when God is very near to us.

Wordsworth has expressly stated that he did not wish the statements of the Ode to be considered as a piece of systematic teaching. On its theological side he meant his words to suggest and inspire, and not to enter the domain of dogma. Like Tennyson, he hesitated to "linger in the Master's field, and darken sanctities with song." Both poets were nurtured in the same university, which

in the seventeenth century had been the home of Platonism. Cambridge also had been the center of Puritan teaching, with a dogmatism resting on Holy Writ. The two movements were to blend in a sane orthodoxy, which called in the aid of sound old metaphysic and modern science to uphold the faith once delivered to the saints. This wide grasp of thought in general, so peculiarly manifest in the author of "In Memoriam," gives the poem its unequaled weight and strength.

CHAPTER XIX

IMMORTALITY AND THE BODILY FRAME

At the time "In Memoriam" was written, its outlook on life, its up-to-date theology, its very vocabulary were new and difficult to grasp by the ordinary reader and thinker. It preceded Darwin's book nearly a decade, and yet the later book had a more immediate effect on thought and language. Before twenty years were gone the word "evolution" had so entered the common vocabulary that people began to think through its outlook. But Darwinism was narrow and confined in its scope in comparison with the teaching of "In Memoriam." Confessedly it left out the spiritual side of life. Darwin, at one time destined for the Christian ministry, was never anti-spiritual, or dogmatic outside of his own sphere; he was merely negative. Indeed, he deplored the narrowness of the groove into which circumstances had forced him.

Tennyson's consideration of sleep and death as one takes up a short section, the forty-third, an intervital state being supposed, in which the dead remain quiescent like flowers. Is this "still garden of the souls" a *herbarium siccum,* as some have termed it? Hardly, for Tennyson was too close to the open garden, too profound a lover of outward nature, to revert to the botanical museum for his analogies. It would, indeed, be difficult to imagine the revival to life and energy after such a process. Light is thrown on the subject by a paragraph in his Memoir (II, 421): "If the immediate life after death be only sleep, and the spirit between this life and the next should be folded like a flower in a night slumber, then the remembrance of the past might remain, as the smell and the color do in the sleeping flower; and in that case the memory of our love would last as true, and would live pure and whole within the spirit of my friend until after it was unfolded at the breaking of the morn, when the sleep was over."

It is the soul, "bare of the body," that is here compared to the quiescent flower; for

the poet, as we know, was quite resigned to the processes of nature, to the return of the body to mother earth. The clinging to the physical body as something of value after death—being merely sleep—has marked many civilizations, notably the Egyptian. The extraordinary care spent on the dead, so that their mummified frames defy the ravages of time, may or may not be associated with a belief in immortal life. In the case of the Egyptians this tribute to the dead meant a looking forward to a solemn trial of the departed, when their hearts were weighed by Thoth, the scribe of the gods, and a monster devoured those that would not balance against the divine feather. Intense importance in this case attached to the preservation of all the parts of the body, in view of a favorable sentence and a renewed and happy life. Yet the very absence of any assurance that a renewed life is possible may cause the survivor to preserve the body of the loved one in as perfect a condition as art can contrive.

With the Egyptians there was the conception of a guardian angel who, in the court of heaven, looked after the interests of the

living person, and at critical times would lend a helping hand to warn of danger or of a false step. Probably the personality was supposed to continue after death with the guardian angel, until resumption of activities after the Judgment. Tennyson, however, does not associate it with the dead. He clutched at this conception, as one that gave him comfort, supplying a connection between earth and heaven:

> "If such a dreamy touch should fall,
> O turn thee round, resolve the doubt;
> My guardian angel will speak out
> In that high place, and tell thee all."

He depends on his own guardian angel to aid him, if his friend were beginning to forget him.

This belief in a guardian angel, a heavenly double, occurs in literature from Plato to Cardinal Manning. It is found in Ovid (Tristia, III, 13, 5). The Christian doctrine bases itself on the passage in Matthew's Gospel, 18. 10: "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

A modern in his attitude toward nature,

Tennyson never clung to an Egyptian-like conservation of the bodily frame. He is resigned to the processes of nature:

> " . . . we may stand
> Where he in English earth is laid,
> And from his ashes may be made
> The violet of his native land."

And even in reference to the good offices of the guardian angel he is troubled lest his friend in the absorbing activities of his new and nobler life may forget his old associates on earth. He cannot imagine his friend, that eager spirit, as folded up in sleep until the resurrection.

CHAPTER XX

PERSONALITY AND IMMORTALITY

Modern thought hovers round the fact of personality, as of final importance in the interpretation of things. With Tennyson it had a first place. In the forty-fifth section he advances the theory that life may be the period chosen for the development of personality. The life in a preexistent state, such as is discussed in Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections in Childhood," being devoid of personality, the chief end of this life may be to "round into a separate mind." Memory begins here, and will last, so that in the "second birth of death" man will not have to learn himself anew. Some have regarded the section as a distinct contribution to thought in this particular field.

For the Buddhist doctrine of Nirvana, the absorption of the personality at death in the general soul, Tennyson had little use; he

terms it "a faith as vague as all unsweet." With the general position of Buddhism, that this is an imperfect, changing, sinful world, and that for its interpretation there is needed a divine light, leading to the annihilation of sin, he was in full sympathy. But to make salvation an "escape from evil and an obtaining of bliss," in the sense of peace and the extinction of personality—a happy dreamland—appealed to him as little as to the ordinary Buddhist, who is not concerned with the ultimate goal of humanity. Buddhism as it has developed in Japan is by no means tied down to the misty Nirvana of the earlier faith. Some, like the followers of Zen, flatly deny the possibility of personal immortality, and seek for beatitude in the present world by the pathway of noble conduct.

In a recent book, The Religion of the Samurai, a "Study of Zen Philosophy and Discipline in China and Japan," by a Tokyo professor, Kaiten Nukariya, the writer has a paragraph headed "The Irrationality of the Belief in Immortality." His objections are five-fold: "In the first place, it throws no light upon the relation of mind and body,

and serves to explain nothing. On the contrary, it adds another mystery to the already mysterious relationships between matter and spirit. Secondly, soul should be conceived as a psychical individual, subject to spatial determinations; but since it has to be deprived by death of its body which individualizes it, it will cease to be individuality after death, to the disappointment of the believer. How could you think of anything purely spiritual and formless existing without blending with other things? Thirdly, it fails to gratify the desire, cherished by the believer, of enjoying eternal life, because soul has to lose its body, the sole important medium through which it can enjoy life. Fourthly, soul is taken as a subject matter to receive in the future life the reward or the punishment from God for our actions in this life; but the very idea of eternal punishment is inconsistent with the boundless love of God. Fifthly, it is beyond all doubt that soul is conceived as an entity, which unifies various mental faculties and exists as the foundation of individual personality. But the existence of such soul is quite incompatible with the well-known pathological fact that it is possible

for the individual to have double or treble or multiple personalities."

Professor Nukariya, who is on the faculty both of the So-to-shu Buddhist College of Tokyo, and of Keio University—an institution of standing which has had on its faculty Unitarian professors from Harvard University (one our present Minister to Greece)—shows an acquaintance with modern philosophy, quoting freely from Bergson, Haeckel, Muensterberg, and others; and with English literature, where he quotes from Shakespeare and Milton down to Whittier, Longfellow, and Edwin Arnold. But there is not a single quotation from Tennyson, although at least once the "Flower in the crannied wall" would have come in appositely. Is this mere neglect, due to the unreasonable discounting of the poet in so many circles, or a distinct evasion?

Other Buddhist sects, busy to-day in Hawaii and on the Pacific Coast, hold out a paradise which differs but little in essence from the Christian conception; a higher life "beyond the veil" and a fellowship with Amida Buddha and the saints.

The Platonic doctrine of reminiscence was

in accord with the views of the human soul held by Chaldean astrologists, men of the kind who came to Bethlehem at the time of our Lord's birth, and worshiped at his cradle. The symbolic truth contained in this incident has not been sufficiently grasped. These men represented a world of lofty thought which had striven with the question of immortality as the Semitic world had as yet failed to do. And now they came to lay their trophies before Him who "brought life and immortality to light." Their observations of the starry skies had led these Chaldeans to the notion of a divine eternity. Out of this divine eternity came the spirits of men, passing through the spheres of the seven planets. As they passed through each of the planets they acquired the dispositions and qualities peculiar to the planet. On earth the soul remained subject to bitter destiny; but at death the souls of such as had attained to virtue returned to their original abode by the route by which they had come. As they ascended they purged themselves from earthly passions and qualities they had acquired in their descent to earth. A Psychopompos, or conductor of souls, led them from

one sphere to another, and, at each door that opened, a password was uttered that gave them entry, for there was a guardian at every door. Finally the souls of the initiated penetrated to the eighth heaven, where they enjoyed everlasting happiness as subtle essences.

These ancient thinkers conceived of the soul as passing through æons, and gave no finality to the life of the present state. Tennyson is fond of this term "æon," and the cognate "æonian," words little used in English literature before. Henry More, the Cambridge Platonist, uses the term in his Songs of the Soul. With the followers of his master, Plato, it had a mystic meaning, symbolizing a power existing from eternity, or an emanation proceeding from the supreme ruler of the universe, which takes part in the creation and guidance of the present world. Other "æons" direct other worlds. In his short dramatic dialogue, "The Ring," dedicated, by the way, to James Russell Lowell, there occurs a passage near the beginning which contains the word "æonian," as well as the word "veil," used in a mystical way:

"The Ghost in Man, the Ghost that once was Man,
But cannot wholly free itself from Man,
Are calling to each other thro' a dawn
Stranger than earth has ever seen: the veil
Is rending, and the Voices of the day
Are heard across the Voices of the dark.
No sudden heaven, or sudden hell, for man,
But thro' the Will of One who knows and rules—
And utter knowledge is but utter love—
Æonian Evolution, swift or slow,
Thro' all the Spheres—an ever opening height,
An ever lessening earth."

The speaker is discussing the possibility of getting in touch with his dead wife, as Tennyson longed to get in touch with his lost friend Hallam.

Modern psychologists do not scoff any longer at these aspirations. In his admirable lectures on *Human Immortality,* delivered on the Ingersoll Foundation at Harvard University in the winter of 1897-98, William James, ablest of American thinkers in his day, combated the materialistic interpretation of human consciousness, as the only possible interpretation of life that could appeal to a practical man. "In cases of conversion," he remarks, speaking in quite

Platonic fashion, "in providential leadings, sudden mental healings, etc., it seems to the subjects themselves of the experience as if a power from without, quite different from the ordinary action of the senses or of the sense-led mind, came into their life, as if the latter suddenly opened into the greater life in which it had its source. The word 'influx,' used in Swedenborgian circles, well describes the impression of new insight, new willingness, sweeping over us like a tide."

These twice-born men, indeed, from Paul downward, set the clock of history, for they seem, even to the ordinary man, to touch a higher and more real life.

The hallowing influence on conduct which accrues from living in this higher world is a theme dealt with in a late section (XCIV):

"How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold,
Should be the man whose thoughts would hold
An hour's communion with the dead?"

This influence is singularly absent in the superman, who tramples on a "dead self" in order to reach supposedly "higher things." Faith in another world is needed, in the final issue, to preserve the world's moral sanity.

CHAPTER XXI

PERSONALITY, SCIENCE, AND IMMORTALITY

On one occasion, toward the very close of the poet's life, Benjamin Jowett and Lord Selborne were visiting him at his home. The Lord Chancellor, who served as Lord Rector of Saint Andrew's University, was a man of high culture and literary acumen; his Book of Praise is a good piece of hymnology. The three were discussing the "message value" of "In Memoriam," and Tennyson put in a deprecatory phrase. It did not please the Master of Balliol. "Your poetry," he declared in protest, "has an element of philosophy more to be considered than any regular philosophy in England. It is almost too much impregnated with philosophy, yet this to some minds will be its greatest charm. I believe that your 'In Memoriam' and your 'Crossing the Bar' will live forever in men's hearts."

Three years later William Ewart Gladstone made a similar remark in a letter to

Hallam Tennyson: "I have a great conception of your father as a *philosopher.* The 'sage' of Chelsea (a genius too) was small in comparison with him."

These estimates are in line with the latest methods in philosophy. It is to the poetry of India, such as the "Bhagavadgita," rather than to philosophical discussions, that students go for the final interpretation and evaluation of Indian thought in the past.

It is interesting to note how the phraseology of Tennyson has entered into modern discussion. Four times in his short treatise on Human Immortality does Professor William James use the term "behind the veil," as if it were needed in the vocabulary of a complete philosophy; a contribution, as I have tried to show elsewhere, of hymnology to Tennyson's poetry, and of Tennyson's poetry to the world of exact thought. The phrase occurs, for example, in the Preface to the Second Edition (p. vii): "The plain truth is that *one may conceive the mental world behind the veil in as individualistic a form as one pleases, without any detriment to the general scheme by which the brain is represented as a transmissive organ.*"

In this and other ways the Harvard professor corroborates in a striking way the remark of Jowett. "The whole problem of immortal life," he declares, "has its prime roots in personal feeling. . . . There are individuals with a real passion for the matter, men and women for whom a life hereafter is a pungent craving, and the thought of it an obsession; and in whom keenness of interest has bred an insight into the relations of the subject that no one less penetrated with the mystery of it can attain." He recognizes that "Immortality is one of the great spiritual needs of man."

And so the summative sentences at the close of this Preface are of exceeding encouragement to the honest inquirer after truth, whom doubt seizes when the supposed scientific man proclaims that death ends all. Man, insists Tennyson, would never have attained to his present state in civilization had this doubt gripped his vitals: it would have confirmed him in selfishness and sullen laziness. If death had been so understood, then—

> "Love had not been,
> Or been in narrowest working shut,

"Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,
Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape
Had bruised the herb and crush'd the grape,
And bask'd and batten'd in the woods."

And Professor William James, speaking in the name of science, asserts that he has no quarrel whatever with the man who believes "that every memory and affection of his present life is to be preserved, and that he shall never *in secula seculorum* cease to be able to say to himself, 'I am the same personal being who in old times upon the earth had those experiences!' "

This phrase, *"in secula seculorum,"* from the Latin Vulgate, translates the Greek "to the æons of the æons" at the close of the Lord's Prayer. The nice distinction has been lost in the curt French *à jamais,* "forever," but remains in the Spanish *por todos los siglos,* "throughout all the ages," translating the Vulgate *in secula seculorum,* "into ages of ages." Tennyson has the term "secular" in the sense of "æonic," in two passages, XLI, vi, and LXXVI, ii. In the first of these passages he shrinks from the thought of falling behind his friend in the process of the ages.

"But evermore a life behind
In all the secular to-be."

In the desire to see his friend again, and commune with him, the poet would at the least demand a limited reunion in a second æon, when they should sit in companionship,

"Enjoying each the other's good:
What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

"Upon the last and sharpest height,
Before the spirits fade away,
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
'Farewell! We lose ourselves in light.'"

Yet the immortality which he desires and looks for is not really so limited. The reunion will be permanent, in company with the Master. When he "crosses the bar," and "meets his Pilot face to face," his friend Hallam will be there. Meanwhile he rests in hope:

"But in my spirit will I dwell
And dream my dream and hold it true;
For though my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell."

A hopeful "Adieu," not a hopeless "Farewell!"

With a certain impatience of the slow processes of history, to be kindly dealt with in one who lived so much with his thoughts "behind the veil," the poet seems almost to have given up an amelioration of life in the present æon. Conditions to-day, when the forces of a brutal militarism have wet the fields and homes of Europe with blood, would no doubt have confirmed him in his other-worldliness. The following is one of his later utterances:

THE MAKING OF MAN

"Where is one that, born of woman, altogether can escape
From the lower world within him, moods of tiger, or of ape?
Man as yet is being made, and ere the crowning Ages of ages,
Shall not æon after æon pass and touch him into shape?

"All about him shadow still, but, while the races flower and fade,
Prophet-eyes may catch a glory slowly gaining on the shade,
Till the peoples all are one, and all their voices blend in choric
Hallelujah to the Maker 'It is finished. Man is made.' "

CHAPTER XXII

THE PROBLEM OF EVIL

JUST before the passionate close of the fifty-sixth section, where the epical part of "In Memoriam" ends, the poet comes to the Machiavellian attitude toward evil, which would calmly and deliberately justify wrongdoing by the supposed after beneficial results. This debased morality has been the deliberate state policy of Prussia since Frederick the Great's time. Nay, it began as early as Luther, who accepted a theory of unlimited state sovereignty which divorced political ethics from personal ethics. In his recent admirable treatise, The English-Speaking Peoples, so able a historian as George Louis Beer asserts that this un-Puritan understanding of state responsibility comes to us from Machiavelli through Luther and Hobbes. It developed into a deadly organism in the Junkerdom of Prussia, making Berlin the poison center of the world:

" 'My chief fear,' wrote my old Greek professor, Lewis Campbell, in a private letter dated so far back as 1904, 'is from the Bismarckian—*i. e.* Machiavellian—policy of Germany.' One of the clearest thinkers and most finished scholars of his time, he succeeded to the labors of Benjamin Jowett, his beloved teacher and friend, and has written his biography (in collaboration). Of Jowett, wisest of Oxonians, I have spoken elsewhere."

This doctrine, especially in its German interpretation, makes the state bitterly selfish in its principles of action. When Heinrich von Treitschke, the contemporary of Nietzsche, whom he survived some six or seven years, went to Berlin from Saxony to teach the same dangerous kind of morality from the political side, he boldly asserted that the only moral law which possibly can hold good for states is, in its very foundations, the Christian law inverted. The moral attitude of the State—let us deify it with a capital letter—is not love for other States, which would weaken it and lay it open to attack, but hate. So true is this, he declares, that for one State to regard another with any sort

of kindliness is a sin. It exists to gain power; and power comes by the brute force of arms. He was more Machiavellian by far than the Italian thinker ever dared to be; he accused Machiavelli of being too timid in defense of the State's freedom from conventional morality. His cult, as he himself confesses, is a reversion to the worship of the devil, who was responsible for the fall of our first parents and brought sin into Eden.

It may be objected that Treitschke does not sum up German philosophy, and that other teachers have been expounded in German universities. But there is no doubt that his influence has taken a subtle and dangerous form; that his philosophy permeated German life and thought before the war, and became the last word on many vital questions. The latest authoritative book coming from Berlin before the revolution, Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven's Deductions from the World War, evidently regards Treitschke as a name to conjure with among his countrymen. The Baron, late deputy chief of the German Imperial Staff, is regarded as the most accomplished soldier writer in Prussia. In the sixth and closing chapter he quotes a

philosopher thrice in support of his contentions, and in each case the philosopher is Treitschke. "War banishes pretense and reveals the truth," he declares, "producing the most sublime manifestations of masculine personality. If ever an age has corroborated the words of Treitschke, that 'the features of history are virile,' it is the present. Eternal peace is a dream, and not even a beautiful dream. The world war has fully confirmed the words of Heinrich von Treitschke: 'The polished man of the world and the brute have the same instincts in them.' Nothing is truer than the biblical doctrine of original sin, which is not to be uprooted by civilization to whatever point you bring it." To the Baron the conservation of peace remains a Utopia, and would be felt to be an intolerable tutelage by any great and proud-spirited nation. Here again he bids his countrymen heed Treitschke's warning. He goes on to say unpleasant things of President Wilson's proposals for the formation of such a league, the underlying motive being only "business pacifism, and so at bottom nothing else than crass materialism." It is interesting to note the complete acceptance,

by this recognized exponent of German militarism, of the philosophical doctrines of Nietzsche and Treitschke.

It is greatly to the credit of Tennyson's spiritual insight that, summing up in his Invocation the final truths which lie at the basis of our civilization, he should have given such prominence to this primal truth: that man, whether as an individual or as a member of a society or "State"—an entity which Treitschke deifies or rather "devilizes"—is bound to serve only God's will; a higher will, coming to us not through nature and a study of its laws, but directly to the human soul, by prayer and a new life. There is no entity called the state which may shelter itself under a so-called law of nature, termed the survival of the fittest. It was not in Germany only that this condoning of sin and evil in political matters found favor. Writing in the Westminster Review (always an organ remote from evangelical doctrines, by the way) some years before the great war, a writer bearing two good English names, H. Douglas Gregory, declared that "there are times when, in political conduct a deviation from the straight path of strict morality (in

its private sense) is not only permissible, but also in the highest degree praiseworthy and necessary. The Italian War of Liberation was one of these occasions; the rise of Prussian supremacy was another." A singularly bad forecast in the light of to-day.

These doctrines of Treitschke were wildly applauded in the University of Berlin as the latest development of "truth without nonsense"—cold, matter-of-fact science applied to politics. It must be remembered that Berlin has no traditions of the noble mediæval universities, like Tennyson's Cambridge, or Jowett's Oxford, for it is little over a century old. It is in essence a large scientific institute, given over to a treatment of religion and the state that is rationalistic and unsound at its very core. Founded during Goethe's lifetime, it lacks in its teaching and philosophy of life what Goethe lacked—reverence and charity. During the past eighty years the Sage of Weimar's name has been one to conjure with in Germany. He is the apostle of German *Kultur*.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE HIGH PRIEST OF GERMAN *KULTUR*

Tennyson came to manhood when the cult of the Teutonic sage was reaching high-water mark among thinking men in England. It was not until close on the year 1830 that Carlyle's articles were allowed into the Edinburgh Review, whose editor, Francis Jeffrey, (1803-1829), had little use for his "German divinities." But when, in 1832, just after Goethe's death, Carlyle contributed an article to the Foreign Quarterly, the effect was remarkable, and a real Goethe cult set in. For the next ten years the Scotchman had the ear of the English public, and essentially as a missionary of German ideals. At this time Tennyson was working out his fundamentals of life, and he gave the Carlyle cult its due. Though he never became a German scholar, yet he loved Goethe's lyrics, especially his *Edel sei der Mensch,* and was fully aware of the strength

and force of Carlyle's message. Yet on the subject of immortality Carlyle was less satisfactory than his master Goethe, who admitted that it was a weakness to lose faith in a future life. His dimness of faith in the closing years of his life was a matter of deep regret to Tennyson. One evening the old friends were smoking a pipe in a London coffee house, when the talk turned upon the subject of immortality. "Eh—old Jewish rags," said Carlyle; "you must clear your mind of all that. Why should we expect a hereafter? Your traveler comes to an inn, and he takes his bed; it's only for a night. He leaves next day and another man takes his place and sleeps in the bed that he has vacated." To which Tennyson answered, appositely: "Your traveler comes to his inn in the morning, and goes on his way rejoicing, with the sure and certain hope and belief that he is going somewhere, where he will sleep the next night."

"You have him there," remarked Edward Fitzgerald, who happened to be present.

Carlyle's illustration snapped in his hands.

Tennyson's break with Goethe came as a result of the shock which his whole spiritual

frame received from the sudden death of his friend and mentor, Arthur Hallam. If a so-called "good God," ruling all things with wisdom and deliberation, allowed a spirit like Hallam's to be cut off when on the threshold of usefulness, then all his trust in divine goodness was gone. Turning to Goethe's philosophy, he found no comfort. The philosopher, who knew so well the laws of nature and the call of art, did little more than shrug his shoulders when the matter of personal immortality came to be discussed, and passed on to more congenial themes. But, with Hallam dead, this was the one theme of importance to his bereaved friend. He could not, he would not, regard their friendship as merely an evolutionary experience in life, to be forgotten quickly if the remembrance were painful. His former self when with Hallam—this was his living self. It must never become a "dead self."

Students of modern history are acquainted with the extravagances of the Goethe cult in Germany, when, after the successes of the Franco-Prussian war, the new empire began to suffer from the megalomania which has led it to destruction. Lecturing in Berlin

on "Faust," Professor Grimm characterized it as "the greatest work of the greatest poet of all times and all peoples." Commenting on which extraordinary utterance soon after it was made, Matthew Arnold sarcastically remarks: "If this is but the letting out of the waters, the coming times may expect a deluge." It has come in these times in a very satanic form.

We may take Arnold's own estimate. He regards Goethe not only as the greatest poet of our modern times, but also, "in the width, depth, and richness of his criticism of life, by far our greatest modern man." This statement must surely be taken with reservation. In Arnold's wonderfully incisive "Memorial Verses," where he sizes up three great poetic lights—Byron, Wordsworth, and Goethe—he begins his lines on the Weimar sage as follows:

"When Goethe's death was told we said:
'Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
Physician of the iron age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage.
He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear;
And struck his finger on the place,
And said: "*Thou ailest here, and here!*" ' "

This is a testimony to Goethe's power of diagnosis, making him a physician, not in the higher sense of leading the patient into a new life and into renewed strength, like the Great Physician, but merely interpreting his ailment. His prescription was, "Art still has truth, take refuge there." Art, in the sense of grasp of the truths of nature and the acquirement of power over her forces, is no medicine for the weary soul. It entirely evades the fact of sin and the need of redemption. The noble conception of conduct, that heritage of twice-born men who are the glory of the Christian church, was certainly not present in Goethe. Indeed, he had scant interest in religious life and saintly men. When traveling in Italy it was with pagan Italy only that he showed sympathy; flatly, Goethe was at heart a pagan. Coming to the church of the saintly Francis at Assisi, "I passed it by," he remarks, "in disgust." Dante's "Inferno" he thought abominable, and the "Paradiso" tiresome. No wonder the sympathies of Italy, in this world crisis, turned away from the land which has made an idol of Goethe.

And then we have his cold and ugly treat-

ment of women, presaging Nietzsche's contempt for the sex, and also the degradation of women which has followed the track of German armies in the War. Frederica, whom he ought to have married, he coolly dropped when self-interest pointed elsewhere. His later cohabitation with Christiana Vulpius has been termed, by a friendly enough critic, "a degrading connection with a girl of no education, whom Goethe established in his house to the great embarrassment of all his friends, whom he either could not or would not marry until eighteen years later, and who punished him as he deserved by taking a turn for drink—a turn which the unfortunate son inherited." To call such a man a physician in any moral sense is surely a misapplication of the word. In Goethe we find all the root defects of *Kultur;* a following after art without any moral reverence, a divorce of intellectual insight and worthy conduct.

On one occasion Tennyson and Edward Fitzgerald, translator of Omar Kháyyám's "Rubáiyát," were walking down the Strand when they came to a bust of Goethe in a

shop window. "What is wanting in the face?" inquired Fitzgerald, musingly.

"The divine," was Tennyson's immediate answer.

For he did not place him, along with Plato, among the "godlike faces."

CHAPTER XXIV

TENNYSON AND PLATO

"THERE are at least three ways," remarks Professor Stuart P. Sherman in his recent suggestive "On Contemporary Literature," "of discrediting the current naturalism. The most difficult, perhaps, is to attack it from purely metaphysical grounds. The most unanswerable is to oppose it with religious intuitions. The simplest, and possibly not the least effective, is to meet it with Johnsonian common sense, appealing to the general reason and experience of mankind against the conclusions of the ratiocinative faculty of the individual." All three methods of arriving at truth seem to have been flatly rejected by modern Germany. To the sane man the empire has thrown away her heritage in these last few years like a crazed gambler, showing herself as foolish in conduct as was Nietzsche in his wild Thus Spake Zarathustra lucubrations. In respect to the second method, the national and

professional attitude to the Christianity of love as we understand it may be summed up in the learned Herr Professor's dictum: *Aller Methodismus ist vom Uebel.* And certainly the "godlike face of Plato the wise," as Tennyson terms him in the "Palace of Art," has been turned away from Germany during these fateful years in sad disapproval.

If there is a real Platonist among our poets and prophets, it is to Tennyson we must turn. Educated in the university which produced over two centuries ago those thinkers and idealists, the Cambridge Platonists, he was true to the drift of his Alma Mater. Cambridge was also the home of English Puritanism, and has been the mother of English universities over the world, beginning with Harvard and Yale. Among other extraordinary assertions, untrue to fact, made by megalomaniac modern Germany, is her claim to continue and develop the spirit of Plato. Nietzsche, as we saw, had little use for Socrates. In his *Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*[1] (*Grundlagen des Neunzehnten Jahrhun-*

[1] John Lane Company, New York, Publishers.

derts, 1889), a glorification of German thought and achievement warmly recommended to all high-school students by the late Kaiser, Chamberlain closes with the assertion: "In order to rescue ourselves from endless complexity, and once more to attain simplicity, we must always ask ourselves the question: 'How should Plato have acted?' Such is the advice of our greatest Teuton, Goethe."

But the latest exponent of Plato, one of the sanest and clearest of American thinkers to-day, Paul Elmer More, denies that either Kant or Goethe really knew or expounded Plato; they were pseudo-Platonists. "Goethe unwittingly was giving expression to the everlasting formula of pseudo-Platonism when he put into the mouth of Mephistopheles the fateful words, 'I am the spirit that denies.' It is God that denies. The moment these terms are reversed, what is reverenced as the spirit becomes a snare instead of a monitor; liberty is turned into license, a glamour of sanctity is thrown over the desires of the heart, the humility of doubt goes out of the mind, the will to follow this or that impulsion is invested with

divine authority, there is an utter confusion of the higher and the lower elements of our nature."[1] Religion is self-denial, the taking up of the cross; and Goethe is entirely on the other side of the fence. So were not Socrates and Plato; they were forerunners of Christian culture, exponents of the great law of inhibition, the divine *Thou must not,* placing happiness in self-sacrifice, in the losing of one's life to gain it. Goethe is the high priest of *Kultur,* or glorified selfishness.

It is to the eternal glory of Tennyson that he detected the issue in all its depth and width for humanity at the very time when the glamour of Goethe's art teaching was at its height among his countrymen. He lived long enough to see the Carlyle cult wither, and the sage of Chelsea's voice sound like a cracked bell. And he has left to the reverent English spirit the exquisite lyric of his own sunset days, which finds a place in almost every modern hymnal—"Crossing the Bar." Here is Platonism of the purest quality—the final arrival of the soul in the eternal kingdom of holiness; Plato's pattern

[1] Platonism, p. 273.

laid up in heaven toward which earthly commonwealths are striving:

"For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar."

"Perhaps in heaven," remarks one of the speakers at the close of the ninth book of Plato's "Republic," "there is laid up a pattern of it (the ideal city or commonwealth) for him who wishes to behold it, and beholding to organize himself accordingly." This commonwealth was not only an ideal organization of the community, but also of man's own moral constitution, found in the complete life; an idea developed in the parables of our Lord, where the kingdom of heaven is of three kinds: in a man's heart, as a vision of excellence and the eternal, and as a possible constitution on earth, for which good men are striving daily.

Tennyson is a true Christian realist, and true Platonist at the same time. Arnold, with his "Elysian Fields," is the sentimentalist.

CHAPTER XXV

CALVINISM VERSUS MACHIAVELLIANISM

The great religious political thinker of the ages, as Plato is the great metaphysician, will be found in the Frenchman John Calvin, who is too often underrated and misunderstood because of the hardness of his theology as it touched the individual. His greatness lay in the political field. As that great statesman and literary critic Viscount Morley remarked in his Romanes Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford twenty years ago, Calvin united a profound political instinct with a fervid religious faith almost unexampled in history. He was preeminently the theologian of the Reformation, and may be said to have saved it as a movement. In little Geneva he set up a bulwark against the forces of Spanish and Roman reaction which saved the cause of democracy. No one can estimate the loss to humanity had the little republic been

wiped out by the dukes of Savoy. Such is the testimony of the Positivist John Morley, whose father, it is true, was brought up a Wesleyan, but who himself had been outside of church currents all his life. (His father, however, selected as his peerless man the saintly Scotchman Thomas Chalmers.) He spoke weightily as a thinker and a statesman, in the Sheldonian Theater, before an audience filled with budding statesmen, when he declared that the world-issue of to-day lay between Calvinism and Machiavellianism. To Methodists the issue must not be clouded by the fact that they call themselves Arminians. The great apostle of Calvinistic evangelicalism Charles Simeon, who was in the last decade of his honored ministry of fifty years at Cambridge when Tennyson and Hallam were students at the university, did more in his long pastorate to carry on the mission of John Wesley than any other Englishman. He was the "man behind the guns" in the sending out to India of men like Henry Martyn, Bishop Wilson, and Sir Robert Grant, who has contributed seven of its finest lyrics to the Methodist Hymnal, nota-

bly No. 106, beginning, "O worship the king, all-glorious above." This statesman-lyrist has given us, in two stanzas of his hymn, possibly the finest exposition extant of Divine Providence:

"Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

"Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend."

Nay, more—it was Charles Simeon who, when on a visit to Scotland, was instrumental in the conversion of the parents of Alexander Duff, whose long life as a missionary in Bengal has left permanent educational and other records at Calcutta and elsewhere. People to-day wonder why India has kept so loyal to the British flag; I would answer, largely from the influence of the devout men sent out from Cambridge University during the pastorate of Simeon. A near relative of his was the dead friend

to whom Tennyson's "In the Garden at Swainston" is dedicated:

> "Two dead men have I known
> In courtesy like to thee:
> Two dead men have I loved
> With a love that ever will be:
> Three dead men have I loved, and
> thou art last of the three."

The three were Sir John Simeon, Henry Lushington, brother of the E. L. L. of "In Memoriam," and Arthur Hallam.

Charles Simeon had a memorable interview with John Wesley in December, 1784, when the older man was nearing the close of his career. To students of history it seems to bisect the century of evangelical activity from the launching of the Oxford Movement in the early thirties of the eighteenth century to the death of Simeon in 1836. Simeon tells the story of the interview in the preface to one of his books:

"A young minister, about three or four years after he was ordained, had an opportunity of conversing familiarly with the great and venerable leader of the Arminians in this kingdom, and wishing to improve the occasion he addressed him nearly in the fol-

lowing words: 'Sir, I understand you are called an Arminian, and I have been sometimes called a Calvinist, and therefore I suppose we are to draw daggers. But before I consent to begin the combat, with your permission I will ask a few questions!' Then followed inquiries regarding the absolute need of the grace and mercy of God in 'preserving the believer unto the heavenly kingdom.' "

The result was to establish a complete mutual harmony of belief; and Wesley records in his Journal that he found Fletcher of Madeley and Mr. Simeon "two kindred souls, much resembling each other in fervor of spirit and earnestness of their address."

In all the larger aspects of Christian faith, especially in those concerning the sovereignty of God in his demands upon the nation and her rulers, Wesley as an Arminian was assuredly at one with his Calvinistic brethren. To Grimshaw, a Calvinist, he was prepared to leave the whole care of his mission work. Arminianism is as anti-Machiavellian as Calvinism. By the wonderful Providence it is to an American born in a Calvinist manse that the destinies of the

whole world to-day seem in a large measure intrusted. Calvin carried into his religious faith the great commonwealth idea of Plato: that religious life is at the center of everything, personal and governmental; that the Word of God, the eternal *Logos,* is binding on every soul and community, and alone interprets the universe. To Plato as to Calvin, the notion of a different law applying to the magistrate and to the private citizen was loathsome; such frank Machiavellianism as Treitschke's would have been abhorrent.

Charles Simeon, beginning his ministry at Saint Mary's amid a fierce opposition from godless undergraduates, won a complete victory for Christian faith. His voice became a dominant one in Cambridge; and when he was laid to rest in the noble King's College Chapel, the scene was a memorable one. "The like of it was never seen," wrote an astonished spectator, "nor ever will be seen again. More than fifteen hundred gownsmen attended to honor a man who had been greatly despised." His voice had been the voice of Calvin at his best; God's authority supreme in all life—political, literary, social, individual. It was hardly cred-

ible to many that Simeon should have been so honored at his death; his funeral was like that of a royal personage. "His very enemies, if any of them lived so long, seemed now to be at peace with him." This was the reverent Cambridge in which Hallam and Tennyson lived and loved.

CHAPTER XXVI

KULTUR AND BROTHERLY LOVE

GERMAN thought has claimed the heritage of Plato; but, like too many of its brazen claims, the world may quietly reject it. In these two portly volumes of Chamberlain's, we are told, at the very close, that Goethe of all moderns had most of the spirit of Plato. Yet all throughout, the references to the Christian working out of the *Logos* are in a contemptuous strain, as belonging to the dark side of "weird and stupid superstition, and the arid thorns of scholastic sophistry." We know practically that the real spiritualism of Plato has been best understood by Christian poets and thinkers. In English letters it inspires Spenser, Milton, More, Vaughan; Wordsworth, in his inimitable "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections in Childhood"; and lastly, Tennyson. The latest critic of the great Victorian, Professor Raymond M. Alden of Stanford University, in Tennyson, How to

Know Him, dwells on the Platonism in his teaching, in which he followed up the theme of Wordsworth's Ode—a prenatal existence. In a late lyric, called "Far, Far Away," the poet, he remarks (p. 346), "questions whether a certain 'mystic pain or joy' is not

'A breath
From some fair dawn beyond the doors of death.'

So with the inner sense of the mortal self reaching into the Infinite. . . . To Mrs. Bradley he once said, according to a passage in her diary, 'There are moments when the flesh is nothing to me; when I feel and know the flesh to be vision, God and the spiritual the only real and true.' "

There is a certain brotherly love in Plato, very marked in his master Socrates, which makes an interpretation of him after the German fashion essentially false. "Plato taught the doctrine, centuries ago," remarks Professor Alden (p. 326), "that love for an individual was but a step toward the eternal Idea of beauty. Shakespeare told his beloved,

'Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts
Which I by lacking have supposed dead.'

And Tennyson, in like manner, is led to 'mingle all the world' with the soul of his friend, and to feel him like 'some diffusive power' in all the 'loveliness of nature.' Hence, by a new kind of Platonism, he identifies his aspiration toward reunion with him and that toward reunion with the eternal source of humanity."

It is this spirit of human love and sympathy which has been so markedly absent in the whole philosophical attitude of Germany since the time of Immanuel Kant. A German critic of Kant has this incisive passage, quoted by Mr. More:[1] "Perhaps we may say that there is an inner relationship between Kant's and the Prussian nature. The conception of life as mechanical service, a disposition to order everything according to rule, a certain disbelief in human nature, and a kind of lack of the natural fulness of life, are common traits of both." So declares Friedrich Paulsen in his *Immanuel Kant*. We know that the philosopher, on the yearly occasion when the faculty went to worship in the church at Koenigsberg, left the procession at the door, and returned

[1] Platonism, pp. 276, 277.

to home and his desk! As if pure rationality could cover the whole field of life, as he desired to cover it in his books. In fact, both religion and æsthetics—and the Germans are notoriously astray in the latter—must be discussed in their fullness in the realm of social heredity and intercourse, rather in that of abstraction and rationality. The final backbone of life is the "Communion of saints, which is the holy catholic church," spiritual, imperishable.

If Nietzsche ever came near loving anyone, it was the musician Richard Wagner. He began by being enamoured with his works, says Mr. Lichtenberger; thereafter his love and respect were directed to the personality of the author. Then he loved him as a man and a genius independently of his works. Introduced to Wagner when the master was staying in Leipzig, in 1868, he became an intimate friend. "I have made an alliance with Wagner," he wrote to a friend of his at this time, "and you can scarcely imagine how friendly we are; and how our projects harmonize." He set to deifying his friend, and wrote a brilliant laudation, Richard Wagner at Bayreuth,

four years later, when in close touch with Wagner in his new home at Bayreuth. And yet some weeks later he abruptly quitted the place, weary and disgusted. Not that he had any quarrel, for no one was more surprised than the musician. But he found that he differed in his "soul interpretation of things" from the man whom he had delighted to call friend. "The greatest event in my life was a recovery," he remarked later; "Wagner was only one of my diseases." Surely, we have here the disease of pure rationality.

A like devotion given to the whole man, emotional and religious as well as intellectual, is what makes "In Memoriam" superior to any pedantic treatise as a compendium of philosophical truth. Tennyson, as we have seen, follows up his change of attitude to the universe, in the thirtieth section, with a tribute to that Mary whose glory was that she loved the Saviour. And then, in the thirty-sixth, he goes on to discuss the loving work of such missionaries as John Williams; the *Logos* worked out in practical life and brotherly love!

CHAPTER XXVII

MACHIAVELLIANISM AND DEMOCRACY

THE consideration of love as a cosmic force leads inevitably to the mystery of evil. There comes the subtle question: Can evil possibly be justified by the good it produces? Tennyson, with sure instinct, falls back on the sound position, that evil is under all circumstances to be regarded as something contrary to God's will. For the Machiavellian position that in national affairs the statesman needs to be more or less a rogue—a position of which German militarism to-day has been the incarnation—he had no use whatever:

"Let him, the wiser man [superman?] who springs
Hereafter, up from childhood, shape
His action like the greater ape,
But I was *born* to other things" (CXX, iii).

Democracy cannot flourish with such a creed, for the people will not trust a professed rogue when they have the right of

decision. And Tennyson's idea of government was a process from precedent to precedent, each precedent being something with a moral quantum, and based on a consistent moral character; a policy that in the final issue of conduct approves itself to the people. Living at a time when British parliamentarism had approved itself, and was being copied generally, he did not deem it necessary to combat Machiavellianism. It was only a few years after his death, however, that Viscount Morley, as we have seen, speaking before the students of Oxford University, warned them that there was an issue present to-day dividing the world, Machiavellianism and Calvinism: Is the better rogue the better statesman? Calvin said emphatically, "No!" And the great Calvinistic epic, "Paradise Lost," makes the cleverest of rogues, Satan, on his return to Pandemonium after his successful militaristic expedition against the newly created world, shrivel into a hissing snake when he begins to boast of his victories. Tennyson was with "Milton, that seraph strong," in his assertion of eternal Providence.

It was the other question of consistency

in the individual that he strove to answer: Is it good for a man to sow his wild oats? Is it none the worse for him? And the poet replies that such a doctrine may prove to be deadly poison. It might be contended that evil is sometimes seemingly the way of good, mostly perhaps in the form of reaction; but yet the ill-conduct in itself is always to be regretted and disapproved. To justify the process formally and intellectually is essentially immoral. The poet has given us his explanation of these stanzas:

"And dare we to this fancy give,
That had the wild oat not been sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live?

"Or if we held the doctrine sound
For life outliving heats of youth,
Yet who would preach it as a truth
To those that eddy round and round?"
(LIII, ii, iii)

"There is," he declares, as quoted by his son, "a passionate heat of nature in a rake sometimes. The nature that yields emotionally may turn out straighter than a prig's. Yet we must not be making excuses, but we must set before us a rule of good for young as

for old." We arrogate the divine prerogative, and are guilty of thorough irreverence, if we furnish any excuse for the doing of evil. Deliberately to furnish any such justification is to play into the hands of the "Lords of Hell." Hence his admirable summing up:

> "Hold thou the good: define it well:
> For fear divine Philosophy
> Should push beyond her mark, and be
> Procuress to the Lords of Hell."

CHAPTER XXVIII

SERVILE PHILOSOPHERS

Always deficient in a due sense of the value of conduct, German philosophers fell into the trap indicated by Tennyson. A decade ago German philosophy was regarded highly almost everywhere. Hegel's conception of the world as the unfolding of the divine purpose; of every evil as a possible good, and, properly interpreted, a form of good; of evil as in the last issue a negative quantum hardly worth the serious consideration of the philosopher—such doctrine was seemingly seated firmly in the high places of our own university centers. It is notorious that these Neo-Hegelians, some of them prominent teachers in Presbyterian and other supposedly orthodox institutions, have been flabby in respect to the existence of evil and its dangers.

Tennyson's warning is made primarily to the individual conscience; but there is such a thing as a national conscience, and its

degradation and defilement by a false philosophy. Germany as a nation has been frankly Machiavellian, justifying evil deliberately where an evil deed is supposed to benefit the state. She began the war with a Machiavellian utterance. Here is the calm statement in the Reichstag on August 4, 1914, made by the Imperial Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg: "We were compelled to override the just protests of the Luxemburg and Belgian governments. . . . The wrong—I speak frankly—that we are committing we will endeavor to make good as soon as our military goal has been reached."

And he was followed in his fatuous irreverence by ninety-three of the most honored names in German academic circles. These misguided men issued a manifesto several months after the iniquitous war had begun, and circulated it broadcast throughout America, in which they denied point-blank the iniquity of Germany, and defended the action of their government. In An Appeal to the Civilized World, these ninety-three professors declare that Germany did not cause the war; did not violate

the neutrality of Belgium (thereby showing themselves more conscienceless than the imperial chancellor); did not destroy Louvain; was guilty of no oppression or atrocities in Belgium; and must depend on her militarism to safeguard her civilization. Ninety-three "procurers to the Lords of Hell." Tennyson is to be thanked for the pungent phrase.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE "LORDS OF HELL"

THE man whom the German people have idolized during these years of warfare, into whose monstrous statue in Berlin they have driven nails in token of fealty to his ideals, comes nearer to the conception of a "Lord of Hell" than any other prominent moderner. Marshal von Hindenburg is the incarnation of militarism, which these time-servers defend as the salvation of German civilization, or *Kultur*. To quote their own words in the egregious address: "Were it not for German militarism, German civilization would long since have been extirpated." What are the principles of this hero of German militarism, this saviour of "holy" Germany? To a diplomat he declared in a confidential talk several years ago, before he became a national idol: "Barbarians understand war better than we Europeans. They have no rules, no codes, no conventions in war. Kill your enemy in any way you

can and when you have killed in sufficient numbers, so that he can no longer resist you, enslave him—that is the barbarian theory of war, and it is the right one. I have never met a Russian that I should not take a pleasure in killing. I hate them, and if I live to command our armies against them in the next war I hope I shall kill thousands of them—I look forward to killing them with pleasure." The utter barbarism of the General amazed the listener. He gloried in being "the biggest liar on earth," and hinted very broadly that Germany would begin the war with a "lie so well established that the world would not believe him if he denied it."

As commander-in-chief in East Prussia, Von Hindenburg ordered that bread which had been found soaked in paraffin should be given as food to Russian prisoners, thus poisoning thousands of helpless men. At the Masurian lakes he refused to accept the surrender of the Russian divisions, and drove them by the scores of thousands of officers and men into the swamps and quicksands, where they were raked with shrapnel and machine gun fire, in order to expedite their destruction by drowning and suffoca-

tion. The death cries of these ill-fated Russians still ring in the ears of many of the more humane among the Germans. The horror unspeakable of the scene made a maniac of the young Duke of Brunswick, who was serving at that time in the German army on the East front.

The gospel of Hate, as enunciated by this Prussian idol, is the creed of hell. "Never before," declared the diplomat from whom I have already quoted, "never before had I heard a European speak thus in the language of a painted savage."

When men, especially those in authority, cease to hold sternly to the good as a standard, the declension is rapid. With a confessedly Machiavellian policy, a deliberate justifying of evil in the name of the state, the Hohenzollerns seem to have lost the moral sense, and are to-day, in the words of an alienist, "moral imbeciles." Lords of Germany, they misused their place and privileges, and became "lords of hell." So persistent has been the tampering with truth in and by Berlin during the past few decades that the sensitive conscience of a whole people has been dulled—a deplorable result of

immoral autocracy. Satan, Milton's "Emperor of Hell," has been aptly termed the "Father of Lies." Autocrats who copy him in this characteristic soon become his wholehearted servants, his representatives on earth until eternal Providence asserts herself in their ruin.

CHAPTER XXX

SPIRITUAL BANKRUPTCY

A FRANK acceptance of Machiavellianism has led Germany into spiritual bankruptcy. Who were signers of the Manifesto supporting Hindenburg's and Von Bissing's ruthless policy, and have continued timid slaves ever since? Professors Ehrlich and Eucken are among them, at whose feet, remarks Mr. Church, in his unanswerable Reply, many of us Americans have sat as Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel. Add Albert Ehrhard, Adolf Deissmann, Gerhard Esser, Anton Koch, Josef Mausbach, Sebastian Merkle, Adolf von Schlatter, August Schmidlin, Reinhold Seeberg, all professors of theology or sacred history, seeking to expound a "divine philosophy"; Heinrich Finke, Alis Knoepfler, Maximilian Lenz, Eduard Meyer, Alois Riehl, Martin Spahn, Wilhelm Windelbrand, Wilhelm Wundt, professors of history or philosophy, to whom the world had been used

to look for the enunciation of truth and noble thinking. All of them failed ingloriously and deplorably; all of them became "procurers of the Lords of Hell"; all of them supported the bestial policy of hate and cruelty enunciated and carried out by the "hero" Hindenburg. They have given a pungent meaning for all time to Tennyson's prophetic words.

This Manifesto should be read and digested by Americans to-day. These egregious signers begin by terming themselves "heralds of truth," and preface each paragraph with the phrase, *"Es ist nicht wahr"* —"It is not true"—a degradation of the word *wahr,* which will need many centuries to have the stain wiped from it. It is no longer the equivalent of our English "true," of the French *vrai,* of the Italian *vero.* The "divine philosophers" of Germany have succeeded admirably in defiling their own native tongue. What do they declare is not true—*ist nicht wahr?* First, "that Germany is guilty of having caused this war"; secondly, "that we trespassed in neutral Belgium"; thirdly, "that the life and property of a single Belgian citizen was injured by

our soldiers without the bitterest self-defense having made it necessary"; fourthly, "that our troops treated Louvain brutally"; fifthly, "that our warfare pays no respect to international laws"; sixthly, "that the combat against our so-called militarism is not a combat against our civilization, as our enemies hypocritically pretend." These six statements they deliberately deny, closing with the appeal: "Have faith in us! Believe that we shall carry on this war to the end as a civilized nation, to whom the legacy of a Goethe, a Beethoven and a Kant is just as sacred as its own hearts and homes. *For this we pledge you our names and our honor.*"

If German paper currency is as worthless as this pledge, then the country surely is bankrupt. What is German *Ehre,* "honor," worth to-day in the spiritual market, now it has been degraded by these ninety-three self-termed "heralds of truth"? Universities, the homes of study and high thinking, should also be the guardians of our language, keeping it pure and sweet. Can the words "truth," "honor," "fair play," "decency," as used at our centers of learning

by our youth, the hope of the nation, be any longer translated adequately into German? Tennyson answers in his fateful lines. The German professors, who ought to be guardians of the treasures of divine philosophy, have sold their heritage for a mess of pottage.

CHAPTER XXXI

KNOWLEDGE WITHOUT REVERENCE AND CHARITY

In a late section of the poem (CXIV), Tennyson dwells on the dangers of knowledge-acquisition, at the expense of the deeper things of the soul; a subject touched upon in the Invocation:

> "Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell."

In this passage the poet seems to foresee the advent of a brutal power, depending fatuously on its mental and physical endowments, and endeavoring to lay the whole world prostrate. At the time the poem was in press, just before the Great Exhibition at Sydenham in London, it was warmly contended by many that a general diffusion of knowledge would bring in the millennium. Tennyson was profoundly skeptical of any such result, so he warns us in "The Ancient Sage":

"For Knowledge is the swallow on the lake,
That sees and stirs the surface-shadow there
But never yet hath dipt into the abysm."

This is knowledge from the heedless, superficial side. But when taken seriously, it may become a world menace:

"What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

"Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race
For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first."
(CXIV, iii, iv)

German *Kultur* has been such a mad race after knowledge, as furnishing power and superiority, neglecting the while the true education which builds up character. We saw how Nietzsche, after being attracted by the personality of Richard Wagner, the great composer, rudely flung aside the friendship because the master seemed to lack some characteristics which were necessary to his vision of the perfect. The basis of that friendly love which gives and takes and helps seemed absent from Nietzsche's conception of life. In place of *character* he

substituted an abstraction of his brain, the ideal figure of a perfect artist, later to be embodied in his Thus Spake Zarathustra. How different from the relations between Tennyson and Hallam!—

> "O friend, who camest to thy goal
> So early, leaving me behind,
>
> "I would the great world grew like thee,
> Who grewest not alone in power
> And knowledge, but from hour to hour
> In reverence and in charity."

A recent writer in the Fortnightly Review,[1] referring to the popularity of Nietzsche among German soldiers on the one hand and the literati on the other, asserts rightly that "any system which glorifies one mental process at the expense of the others is not only psychologically unsound; it ends, as might be expected, in ethical conceptions and concrete deeds that merit the condemnation of the world's moral sense." A German writer, Professor Dove, defended cruelties practiced on the natives of South Africa because of the superior German civilization, a native having no rights, because he was not

[1] Germany's Ruling Idea, by T. Sharper Knowlsen. October, 1918.

"of the same *Kultur*-position as ourselves." After tricking the poor Hereros out of their cattle and grazing lands, the German traders, with official encouragement, went about robbing the Hereros over the border of their cattle. Nor did they scruple to seize the Hereros' sacred cattle which were inalienable by tribal law, and with that appalling lack of decency which we now know to be a German characteristic, they deliberately desecrated the sacred burial-place of the Herero chiefs by cutting down the grove and turning the place into a vegetable garden. For other facts of the same nature, the reader may consult the recent Report on the Natives of South Africa and Their Treatment by Germany, published by the Administrator of the conquered territory for the Union of South Africa; the most terrible exposure, says the London Spectator, of systematic brutality, treachery, and immorality that even this war has brought us.

Tennyson turned away from art divorced from love and life in the person of Goethe, one distinguished German. He also foresaw the appalling consequences of immoral force, or *Macht*, which was to be exemplified

in the personality of another great German, Prince Bismarck. Twice does Tennyson use the phrase "ape and tiger" as culminating an irreligious pursuit of worldly and intellectual aims. Section CXVIII ends with the warning:

> "Move upward, working out the beast,
> And let the ape and tiger die."

He repeats the conjunction and the warning in "The Making of Man," in a stanza already quoted. Treitschke bluntly advises the very opposite, declaring that power is neither more or less than the "brute" force of arms; so the "brute" in us should be carefully developed. Bismarck may be said to have fulfilled the ideal of subtlety and brutality summed up in the conjunction of ape and tiger. "He played on other nations," says a recent writer, "at once so subtly and so brutally that he himself created the measured tangles from which his adroitness escaped. . . . This man of iron played tricks with Europe like a monkey, or rather a baboon." In the final issue—for the mills of God often work slowly—his policy meant ruin and degradation. "His own end," con-

tinues the reviewer, "was a tragedy. He was degraded from his dictatorship—kicked into retirement by the young and graceless hothead whose megalomanias he had rendered possible. Bismarck called into being the monster that devoured him. But he also fabricated the monster that was to desolate Europe. Never would he have declared the present war, at any rate at the present hour. But he made it feasible, credible, possible." And now his graceless pupil is a miserable and despised exile. It is strange and significant that the very words of Tennyson's spiritual forecast, made eighty years ago, should be of value to political thinkers today. Bismarck and his pupil Wilhelm developed the "ape and tiger" qualities in the national life, in place of suppressing them, and Germany, far from "moving upward," has moved downward to final weakness and contempt.

Tennyson's vision of a hopeful civilization degraded by a mad philosophy has been wonderfully portrayed for us in a recent poem, entitled "The Armistice,"[1] by an American author, Mr. W. A. Phelon, of Cincinnati,

[1] The Times-Star, November 7, 1918.

who, it will be noted, uses the significant symbol of the tiger:

"And this was Germany—this puff of dust,
This worn gray shoddy, and this iron rust!

"This was the Germany where Goethe wrote,
Where Mendelssohn gave forth his golden note,
Where Schiller won our hearts with matchless word,
Where Wagner's greatest triumphs first were heard!
We loved you, when your poets nobly sang
Of Liberty—we heard the sabers clang
These seventy years gone by—and when you hushed
The Voice of Liberty, and when you crushed
Those who dreamed high in 1848,
We welcomed them with open, wide-thrown gate.
'I fought mit Sigel'—and no braver word
Through all our ringing history has been heard!
Franz Sigel, soul of German freedom, you,
Outlawed at home, received with us your due!
We loved you, Germany—and when you turned
Upon us like a tiger, and you spurned
A century's devotion—dazed, aghast,
We took the blow, and then we grimly massed
Our bannered legions to the direful task
Of tearing off the Hohenzollern mask.

"And this was Germany! Our warriors pressed
Onward and forward till the battle test
Showed that the Eagle of the Western wave
Conquers at will the abject, beaten slave!

And this was Germany! Our troopers tread
In serried ranks above thy vanquished head—
The horror of thy work recoils at last
On thine own land, as when a tempest blast,
Turned in mid course, sweeps murderously back,
Leaving a hideous welter in its track!

"And this was Germany—this puff of dust,
This worn gray shoddy, and this iron rust!"

CHAPTER XXXII

THE RESTITUTION OF ALL THINGS

The vision of the restitution or "restoration" of all things was always present to the poet. He was eager to conceive—nay, he reveled in the thought—of a world that should function wholly for good, from which hate should be eliminated, where love should reign triumphant. Was not this vision a heritage of all the holy prophets since the world began? Thinking cosmically, through modern processes, he dallied with the hope of Universalism:

> "That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life shall be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God has made the pile complete."

He shrank from the annihilation of life in any form; he turned away from an eternity of irremediable woe, as inconsistent with the real glory of God. It was not that his faith was feeble. A Scottish evangelist, Dr. John

McNeil, in his public addresses, has commented unfavorably on these lines:

"But what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry."

"No, no, Alfred," he would exclaim; "we have a full light and revelation in the gospel of Christ." But Tennyson's trouble was an intellectual one, dealing with the finality of evil, a subject on which the Gospels are not dogmatic. Orthodoxy has varied in this interpretation of the matter. It was quite natural for devout Christian painters in mediæval times to depict the tortures of the damned on the canvas, along with the happiness of the blessed, and as not interfering with that blessedness. Extreme Calvinism, as in the rhetoric of Jonathan Edwards, with his "angry God," found a grim satisfaction in the dual picture. All their sufferings were supposed to inure to the "glory of God"; saints looked on and were satisfied. Within our own times, in Presbyterian theological schools, students have been gravely asked whether they were willing—if that were necessary—to be damned for "the

glory of God." In this unhappy way was the noble tenet of the absolute sovereignty of heaven's King pushed beyond all reasonable limits. It made God an unloved, capricious Emperor, who uses human beings like slaves in the assertion of a hollow glory.

Methodism, preaching a free gospel, swung away from this eternal dualism of blessedness and suffering; and out of it came a "left wing"—the teaching of John Murray and Universalism—which insisted on a final monism of blessedness as a cardinal doctrine of Christian faith. It cannot be said that the new emphasis, with its inevitable tendency to belittle the great fact of Evil, has justified itself in any remarkable way; the tests being conduct and life. From Tennyson's timid utterance "[I] faintly trust the larger hope," Dean Farrar borrowed the title of his book, The Larger Hope, and there are consistent believers in Universalism in the Anglican and other churches. Yet Tennyson's doubt remained; practically he reserved his decision. Indeed, this attitude marks the close of the fifty-sixth section, which is a climax. With

it, indeed, the "problem" of In Memoriam may be said to close. He cannot solve the mystery of evil:

"What hope of answer or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil."

But of his religious faith and trust there is no question, even while confessing his intellectual doubts and fears:

"No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamor made me wise;
Then was I like a child that cries,
But crying, knows his father near;

"And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach through nature, molding men."
(CXXIV, v, vi)

The Saviour, in leaving the world, left the Spirit of Truth to guide us into all truth; and room was left for doubt and strivings in the struggle for fuller light. It was so with Tennyson's idolized Hallam:

"He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the specters of his mind
And laid them: thus he came at length

"To find a stronger faith his own."
(XCVI, iv)

The result was power, real light, not the fantastic demon of the brain conceived by German intellectuals, but that eternal power of character which rests on the revelation of the Son of God, his life within our hearts, and the submission of our petty human wills to the divine will.

THE END

Science and a Future Life. By Frederick William Henry Myers. The Macmillan Company, 1893.

The last book published in the lifetime of this accomplished man. His *Human Personality and the Survival of Bodily Death* appeared from the press of Longmans, Green & Co. ten years later, and there is a later abridged edition of date 1907. To a Tennyson student his *Essays, Classic and Modern,* especially the essay on Virgil, are of value; The Macmillan Company, 1883. Also his *Wordsworth* in the English Men of Letters series.

Foundations of the Nineteenth Century. By Houston Steward Chamberlain. A translation from the German by John Lees. With an Introduction by Lord Redesdale. London; John Lane, 1911.

The author, son of a British admiral, and brother of the distinguished philologist Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, late of Tokyo University, married a daughter of Richard Wagner, and became more German than the Germans. Lord Redesdale, a diplomatist, is author of the classic book, Redesdale's (Mitford's) *Tales of Old Japan.* Chamberlain's book is a brilliant attempt to establish a racial and inherent superiority in the Teutonic, particularly the German people.

The Gospel of Superman. The Philosophy of

Friedrich Nietzsche. Translated from the French of Henri Lichtenberger, with an Introduction by J. J. Kennedy, author of *The Quintessence of Nietzsche*. T. H. Foulis, Edinburgh and London, 1910.

Professor Lichtenberger's book, written with all the lucidity of the skilled Frenchman, has passed through fourteen editions. Mr. Kennedy's Introduction betrays his sympathy with the philosopher, and his preference of so-called "master" to "slave" morality, that is, of autocracy to Christian democracy.

The Political Philosophy of Heinrich von Treitschke. By H. W. C. Lewis. London; Constable, 1914.

Deductions from the World-War. By Baron Freytag von Loringhoven. New York; G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1918.

The author is an unrepentant militarist planning for another great war.

Platonism. By Paul Elmer More. Princeton University Press, 1918.

This is the sixth of the series of Louis Clark Vanuxem Foundations delivered in Princeton University in recent years. The author has since been asked to deliver a course of lectures on Platonism to the advanced students of theology at Princeton.

He is author of the excellent series of *Shelburne Essays*, now in the ninth issue. These studies, literary and philosophical, uphold the higher law in life and conduct. The essay on

Wordsworth, our great Platonic poet, is especially valuable in this connection.

It was just here that a modern classicist like Matthew Arnold would have rested, finding his spiritual base in the "stoic resolve and self-determination" praised by Dr. Paul Elmer More in his essay on Tennyson, where he commends Arnold at the expense of our poet. But Arnold gives us but "Sweetness and Light", and not the more valuable Life; and he leaves his dead friend Clough a shade among the Elysian fields, at the close of Thyrsis. He thus fails to adjust his vision to the Christian ideal.

Dr. More is less satisfactory with his essay on Tennyson, to be found in the same seventh volume of the Shelburne Essays. Here he strikes the same note as in his Platonism (page 75); a preference for pagan stoicism to Paul's passionate faith in a future life with the Master, as essential to happiness in the present world. Dr. More definitely rejects the apostle's declaration: "If in this life only we have faith in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." It is no wonder, then, that he misses the warmth and reality permeating the stanzas of In Memoriam, and complains of their coldness and sentimentality.

On Contemporary Literature. By Stuart P. Sherman. Henry Holt & Co., 1917.

The studies are dedicated to Paul Elmer More, and follow the same line of high discussion, insisting on a higher law. The author is head of the English department at the University of Illinois.

The American Verdict on the War. Together

with the "Appeal to the Civilized World" of the ninety-three professors, to which it is a reply, and their names. By Samuel Harden Church. Toledo; The Norman and Remington Co., 1915.

A clean-cut and crushing bit of logic from a capable and unbiased critic.

The English-Speaking Peoples. Their Future Relations and Joint International Obligations. By George Louis Beer. New York; The Macmillan Co., 1917.

A book of singular insight and wide horizon.

Alfred Lord Tennyson. A Memoir. By his son. New York; The Macmillan Co.

"I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure."

Tennyson. How to Know Him. By Raymond Macdonald Alden. Indianapolis; Bobbs-Merrill Co., 1917.

Human Immortality. Two Supposed Objections to the Doctrine. By William James. Boston; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Second Edition, 1899.

The Religion of the Samurai. A Study of Zen Philosophy and Discipline in China and Japan; by Kaiten Nukariya, Professor of Keio-gi-jiku University and of So-to-shu Buddhist College, Tokyo. London; Luzac & Co. The fourth of Luzac's Oriental Religious Series.

Charles Simeon. In Leaders of Religion series. By H. C. G. Moule, D.D. London; Methuen & Co.

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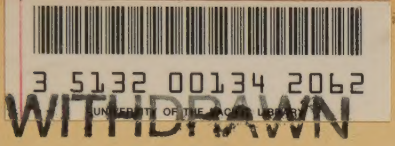
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